WATSON'S MAGAZINE

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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor in this Number

The Story of the South and West
Chapter XIX

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy
Chapter XXV

An Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons
No. 3

Book Reviews

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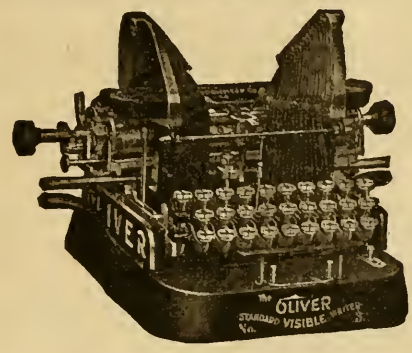

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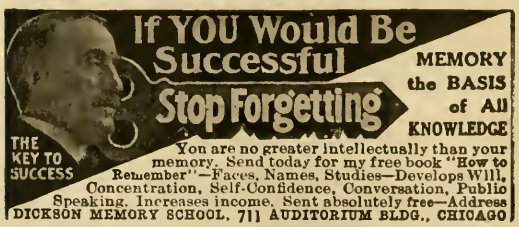

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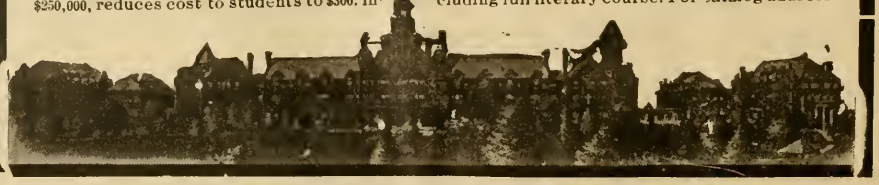

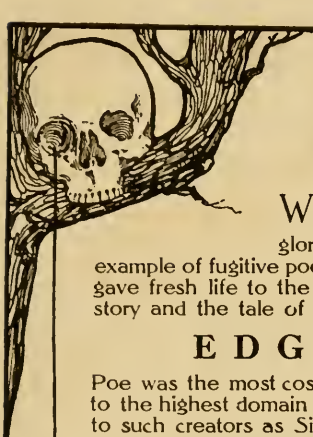

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The Mulatto

Ralph M. Thomson

Oh, you who have drawn and quartered,
  And rubbed in his cuts the grime;
And you who have stripped him naked,
  And shackled him fast to Crime,
Give heed to the truths that rumble
  Aloud through the market place;
He's not of the white man's country,
  Nor yet of the black man's race.

Oh, you who have mocked his color,
  And jeered at his mongrel blood;
And you who have caged the vulture,
  And spattered his plumes with mud,—
Attend to the voice that clamors
  Unceasingly from the sod:
He's not of a tribe or nation
  Conceived by the grace of God!

Oh, you who have blustered wisdom—
  Magi of the far famed East—
And you who have cursed him often
  As one with the vilest beast,—
But know when you damn him doubly,
  And crush his bones in the dust,—
He tugged at a black girl's bosom,
  The price of a white man's lust!

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XIX.

ONE of the peculiarities of American history-writing is the tenderness with which the memory of Lord Baltimore is treated; and another is the acceptance of the Roman Catholic claim that they established religious toleration in this country.

Lord Baltimore was a Tory of the Tories, an intimate and follower of Lord Strafford who deeply planned the overthrow of the liberties of England. In Parliament, no orator spoke more eagerly for the royal prerogatives, and none railed at the Whigs more bitterly than did George Calvert. It was because he was so servile a worshipper of the Stuart King, and so useful in securing large grants of public money for him, that Calvert was created Baron Baltimore, of the Irish peerage.

At heart, he was a traitor, not to his King, but to his country, for he favored the Spanish marriage, which, of course, meant a Spanish alliance. Nothing could have been more detrimental to England than to have become a pawn in the vast game which Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II. were playing for a world-wide Roman Catholic empire.

Lord Baltimore first directed his colonizing activities too far North. Newfoundland's rigorous climate disheartened him, and he abandoned his province of Avalon.

During his sway there, *he had banished the only Anglican clergyman that was in his jurisdiction.* His charter made no mention of religious liberty; and his *practise* was in keeping with that intolerance which Romanists invariably employ whenever they are in the majority.

Baltimore and his co-religionists were in the majority in Avalon—and they persecuted.

But when he turned his eyes Southward, in search of a province which should include a large portion of the grant originally made to the Virginia Company, he realized that all thought of religious persecution, by Roman Catholics, must be given up.

Between Virginia on the one side and New England on the other, the Baltimore colony would be at the mercy of non-Catholics. Men of the Roman faith were not permitted to reside in New England; and the public exercise of that creed in Virginia would have meant imprisonment and expulsion.

Therefore, it was a simple question of self-preservation: the Baltimore Colony being between two

mill-stones — Virginia and New England—*had* to tolerate men of the Protestant faith. More especially was this a vital necessity when *three-fourths of the Maryland colonists were Protestants.*

Only one-fourth of the settlers being Roman Catholics, we can readily understand why they were willing to tolerate the other three-fourths.

It should be stated that George Calvert died before the Maryland charter was actually issued, though there is little doubt that he wrote it himself. His death occurred, in England, April 15, 1632. The charter passed the great seal on June 20, 1632, the grantee being Cecilius Calvert, son of the first Lord Baltimore.

Leonard Calvert, the brother of Cecelius, was the first governor sent out to the colony.

The private instructions which the second Lord Baltimore gave to his brother, the first governor of Maryland, are alluded to by Jesuit historians as *"Baltimore's order against Roman Catholicism."*

A portion of that order is as follows:

"All acts of Roman Catholic Religion to be done *as privily as may be* and that they instruct all the Roman Catholics *to be silent upon all occasions* of discourse concerning matters of religion. And this is to be observed at land as well as at sea."

Nothing could more conclusively prove that Lord Baltimore thoroughly understood *the necessity* of Protestant toleration *of the Romanists*—the necessity of *not provoking the Protestants.*

The Roman Catholic proprietor of Maryland urges that his co-religionists exercise their worship as privately, as secretly, as possible.

They are also urged to refrain from talking about religion, both on ship-board and in the colony.

It had not been so long since the reign of Bloody Mary, the she-devil who lit the fires of Smithfield, and had such Puritans as Rogers and Hooker slowly roasted to death.

It had not been so long since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris had been followed by the slaughter of 100,000 Huguenots by the frenzied, priest-incited Romanists of France.

It had not been so long since the satanic Spaniard, Melendez had exterminated the Huguenot Colony on the East Coast of Florida.

It had not been so long since the Duke of Alva and Torquemada had slaughtered so many thousands of Protestants in the Netherlands.

Even then, in the middle of the 17th century, martyrs of the Protestant faith were being tortured to death all over Europe, hundreds of them being annually burned alive in Spain, Portugal and Italy.

In England the atrocities of Bloody Mary had caused a tremendous reaction against Rome; and at the time the Maryland charter was granted, it was unlawful for a Romanist priest to make his God out of a wafer, or to go through any other of the mystical acts of his so-called "religion."

Consequently, Lord Baltimore might very well be nervous and cautious: it was wise for him to counsel *secrecy and silence,* as to the Roman Catholic faith and worship—especially as he may have

been privy to the plans for the massacre of 140,000 Irish Protestants in 1641.

The Jesuit Father White, one of Lord Baltimore's colonists, writes from the colony officially, to the head of the Order in England, thus: "In a country like this, newly planted, and depending wholly upon England for its subsistance, where there is not, nor can be, until England is reunited to the [R. C] Church, any ecclesiastical discipline established by law of the Province, or granted by the Prince, nor [any] provincial synod held, nor spiritual courts created, nor the cannon law accepted, nor ordinary or other ecclesiastical person admitted [as such,] nor the Catholic religion publicly allowed; and whereas three parts of the people or four at least, are heretics," &c. See vol. III., page 362, 7th series of the Jesuit work, "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus," edited by the Jesuit Father Foley, and published in London, in five volumes, in 1877, 1878 and 1879. On page 364, he says: "For in leading the colony to Maryland, by far the greater part were heretics. The country itself is established to be a New England; that is, two provinces full of English colonists are Puritans, so that not less, nay, perhaps greater difficulties, threaten our [Jesuit] Fathers than in their native land of England."

On page 365, he states that the Maryland assembly were, with few exceptions, heretics. If we ever can rely on a Jesuit to tell the truth, it ought to be when he is reporting to his own society. According to the facts above stated on the very best authorities, the Maryland colony was far from being a Roman Catholic colony, having received its charter from a Protestant king, being governed by an assembly composed, with few exceptions of heretics, and with three-fourths of the inhabitants heretics.

The historian Bancroft says: "The thirteen colonies were all Protestant; even in Maryland the Roman Catholics formed scarcely an eighth, perhaps not more than a twelfth part of the population. Their presence in other provinces except Pennsylvania, was hardly perceptible. . . America was most thoroughly a Protestant country." Neill, in his "Founders of Maryland," says, page 12: "Hammond, a friend of Lord Baltimore, but hostile to the non-conformists, asserts that the inhabitants were composed of conformists, non-conformists and a few papists."

In 1649, the Assembly of Maryland passed what was called the act of Toleration—an act which did not give religious freedom to any one who denied the divinity of Christ, and the existence of a Triune God.

Neill, in his "Founders of Maryland," states that in 1650 when the next assembly met, *the Roman Catholic members entered their protest against the principle of religious toleration.*

One of these Romanists, Thomas Mathews, persisted in his refusal to take the oath of obedience to the new law, and he was consequently expelled.

According to this authority, *the Act of Toleration was passed by*

the Protestants, over the opposing votes of the Roman Catholics.

As was well said by Chase Roys, in The American Advocate of March, 1898:

Roman Catholics could not pass an Act of religious toleration without violating an essential principle of their own religion, and themselves becoming heretics. Their greatest teacher, Thomas Aquinas, now a saint, and called by the present Pope the Angelic Doctor, teaches that heretics are to be killed—*occidere* is the word used in one passage, and in another, *mundo exterminare,* to exterminate from the world!

I have dwelt upon this Act of Toleration, because it has been sometimes called the pride and glory of Maryland, and because Roman Catholics, when they wish to throw dust into the eyes of Protestants, claim it as evidence of the liberallty of their church; and they are pleased to boast that this famous Act, which they did not pass, but opposed, and which scarcely tolerated anybody but those who passed it, was the first toleration act ever passed by an American colony. But this is also false. Rhode Island, in May, 1647, in their assembly convened at Portsmouth, adopted a code of laws which closed with this remarkable declaration, that "All men might walk as their conscience persuaded them, without molestation—every one in the name of his God." This was two years before the Maryland Act, and was far broader—broad enough to protect every inhabitant of the State. (See B. J. Lossing's Illustrated History U. S., page 121.)

But the Protestants, by passing a toleration act in Maryland, did not succeed in pacifying the Roman Catholics among them. Knowing that the founder of the colony, Lord Baltimore, was a Catholic, they believed that, though greatly in the minority, they ought to govern the colony; and in 1654, five years after the Act of Toleration, the Protestants acknowledged the authority of Oliver Cromwell, disfranchised the Roman Catholics, excluded them from the assembly, and passed an act declaring Roman Catholics not entitled to the protection of the law of Maryland; and who will say that a religious sect, which persistently and openly refuses to tolerate anybody but themselves, should be tolerated by anybody? Then broke out a fierce and bloody war, in which Catholics and Protestants were contending for supremacy—the Protestants, for liberty of conscience for all; the Catholics, to put into effect the principles of their creed, which allows no man to live unless he worships as that creed directs.

Neill, page 120, gives the reason why the papists opposed the Act of Toleration. He says: "This Act was contrary to the teachings of the Church of Rome, since it was the recognition of Christians who rejected the Pope."

If further proof were needed that a Roman Catholic colony could not pass an Act of Religious Toleration, we might adduce a clause from the oath of the Cardinals or Bishops of Rome, on their introduction into their sacred office: The Bishop swears: "Heretics, schis-

matics and rebels to our said lord (the Pope), or his successors, I will to my utmost persecute and oppose;" and the Cardinal swears: "That I will seek out and oppose, persecute and fight against heretics or schismatics, who oppose our lord, the pope of Rome, and his beforementioned successors, and this I will do with every possible effort."

And even in the oath taken by the priest on his introduction into office, occurs the following clause:

"I do denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant king, prince or State or obedience to any of their inferior officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and other Protestants, to be damnable and those to be damned who will not forsake the same."

In the Report of the American Historical Association for 1899 (vol. 1, p. 231 et seq.) is a paper by Bernard C. Steiner, Ph. D., Librarian of Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Md. His subject is, "The Restoration of the Proprietary of Maryland, &c."—a most thorough and interesting article.

Concerning the claims of the Roman Catholics, Steiner quotes from the famous Governor John Hart, the ablest and truest that the colony ever had:

"They" (the Roman Catholics) "*falsely pretend* that Maryland was granted them as *an asylum* from the rigor of the penal laws of England.

"They can not have a better right than their charter admits them to, and * * there is so far from a provision being made therein that the Government should be in their hands in any degree, that *there is not even an exception made for the free exercise of their religion.* The phrase 'God's holy and truly Christian religion' used by Charles I., a Protestant, could only mean the religion that monarch professed.

"*Therefore, Papists only enjoy privileges in Maryland through the connivance of the Government.*

"If they win the conflict" (an attempt to capture all the offices) "*it may some day be fatal to the Protestant colonists.*

"It is easier to prevent" (by keeping Romanists from gaining control) "than to cure an inveterate distemper."

Italics mine.

The question as to who it was that established religious toleration in Maryland is sufficiently important to justify me in giving the subject considerable space. I therefore quote from a masterly study by Juan Ortz Gonzales, published in *The Presbyterian of the South.*

The remainder of this chapter comes from the pen of that brilliant and scholarly convert from Roman Catholicism.

Since part of the Avalon colony went to Maryland, my readers are to know first something of the supposed Catholic majority there.

To begin with page 181: "Fra Simon Hock writes to the secretary of the Sacred Congregation, Dr. Francis, in July, 1625." Page 184: "The three colonies are of fifty, twenty and fifteen, and only two are Catholics. And the Protestants who are there make no show of being obliging in the face of a Catholic invasion."

"In 1628," says the same Fra Simon Hock, "the Catholics are about twenty." "In 1631 almost all Catholics have returned except three women and the heretics are thirty." Page 196 Fra Simon says: "Calvert took with him not only Protestants, but some Catholics."

That is a very effective and convincing way of saying that Protestants were in the majority, since Catholics were compared with Protestants by the expression "but some."

But Catholics may say we grant that in Avalon Protestants largely outnumbered Catholics, but it does not prove anything against a Catholic majority in Maryland. We have no precise information as to the exact number of Catholics and Protestants, but we have such very significant indications that we can say conservatively that Protestants far outnumbered Catholics from the very beginning of the colony. Let my readers examine with me the statistics in regard to this matter. In the first volume of the Documents, page 98, the Jesuit Father White relates that some pestiferous disease vexed them and his account says, "Thirty contracted the disease and twelve died and only two were Catholics."

On page 340 of the history the Jesuit says, "Already, 1638, some five years after the expedition first started from England, we come to a pass in Maryland history when a whole section of the population, which had enjoyed no political status or consideration before, started up into the full franchise of appearing in the Assembly, of voting and being voted for, of enacting laws; and this, as Protestants present on subjects intimately concerning the Catholic priests who were absent." On page 380 of the history we learn that in the Assembly of 1638, "Twenty Freemen were admitted." And in the first volume of the Documents, Document 19, we learn from the words of the Provincial of the Jesuits to the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Rosetti 1641, that freemen of this kind were both heretic and plebeian, "*eisque heteredosis ut plurimum plebeiis hominibus qui post praestitum dominis suis conservitium per certos annos in colonia fuerat liberati ac jure civitatis donantur.*"

The Jesuit writer is so well aware of the predominance of the Protestant element that he expresses it in the cunning and at the same time correct way just given.

Mere numbers were on the Protestant side, all the quality on the Catholic side. On page 168 of the Documents, volume I, we read: "The local parliament made up of almost wholly new men—non-Catholic in religion." On page 494 of the history we see this statement: "The one hundred Catholics among the four hundred whites of the colony."

On page 392 of the history this statement occurs: "Men of recent enfranchisement who were willing to sign away anything by a concordat."

The Jesuit writer would certainly never have used such language when speaking of an Assembly made up largely of Catholics.

Of the two documents mentioned in the closing paragraph of my last article, the first comes from Lewger, who knew by name, sight and profession each and every one of

the members of the colony. On page 439 of the history Lewger says: "Wherefore three partes of the people in foure at least are hereticks." The second document comes from the Provincial of the Jesuits who has received year after year constant and exact information. The Provincial writes to the Papal Nuncio in an official communication, first volume of documents, Document 19, November, 1641: "*Parliamentum paucis admodum exceptis ex heterodosis constare*" (The Assembly is made up of heretics with only a very few exceptions).

But this is not all; I have promised my readers more. I have said that Catholics as such did not vote, that they even opposed strongly the laws enacted by the Assembly and that they denounced Lord Baltimore and Lewger to the Pope and to the Inquisition.

Let us turn to page 380 of the history; the Jesuit says, "The missionaries did not appear in person. They asked to be admitted by proxy, but under conditions such as nobody else proposed. This was refused."

Again, on page 340: "The Catholic priests were absent," Assembly of 1638. Page 527, Assembly of 1642: "And it was determined that the Jesuits should not be admitted."

And now I reach the culminating point by giving what I consider the most important facts, namely, the strong opposition of the Catholics, as such, to the laws passed by the Assembly.

It was a case of toleration or of extermination.

As a matter of fact, however, there is not a word about religious toleration to be found in the Maryland charter. The religion which Lord Baltimore was directed to establish was that which was established in England. That, of course was the Protestant Episcopal.

The words of the charter are as follows:

"And furthermore the Patronages and Advowsons of all churches which (with the increasing worship the religions of Christ) within the said region, islands, islets and limits aforesaid, hereafter shall happen to be built; together with license and faculty of erecting and founding churches, chapels and places of worship, in convenient and suitable places, within the premises and causing the same to be dedicated and consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of our kingdom of England; with all and singular such and as ample rights, jurisdictions, privileges, prerogatives, royalties, liberties, immunities, and royal rights and temporal franchises whatsoever, as well by sea as by land, within the region, islands, islets and limits aforesaid, to be had, exercised, used and enjoyed, as and bishop of Durham, within the bishoprick or county palatine of Durham."

Page 183, Documents, Vol. I: The Provincial of the Jesuits of Rosetti, Papal Nuncio: Baro (Baltimore) *quaedam status voluit et rim legum obtinere quae moribus, juri et dignitati ecclesiae Christi minime favent.*" (Lord Baltimore wished that certain statutes be made as law binding ones, the which do not favor by any means the good customs, rights and dig-

nity of the Church the spouse of Christ.)

Again, page 505 of the history: "They (the laws) are of such a nature as to be in my judgment (the Provincial of the Jesuits) flatly opposed to ecclesiastical immunity and derogatory in no slight degree of the dignity and authority of his Holiness" (the Pope).

Page 419, the Provincial of the Jesuits denounces both the Parliament and Lewger to the Tribunal of the Inquisition of Rome in these strong and significant words: "The meeting of Lewger Parliaments made up, with very few exceptions, of heretics in opposition to the Catholic faith and ecclesiastical immunity; that no ecclesiastic enjoy any privilege except such as can be proved from the Scriptures."

This same Provincial of the Jesuits strengthened his accusations by denouncing Lewger as a heretic, first, to the Papal Nuncio Rosetti, afterwards to Barbiery, the Cardinal of England, and finally to the Inquisition in the following words: He retains the leaven of heresy—"*de fermento haeresis retinuit.*"

He does not grant to the Pope any external jurisdiction coming from God, but only internal jurisdiction, "*nullam summo Pontifici competere externam jurisdictionem a Deo sed internam dumtaxat in fore conscientiae.*" He does not grant either to the Pope or to the other priests any immunity or privilege either in regard to their property or their persons: "*Nullam illi* (*Pontifici*) *aut aliis clericis ammunitatem quoad bona aut personas deberi.*"

Lewger was not burned at the stake because he was an English citizen, and at that time the government of England would not enforce the Roman canonical law, but the Jesuits as representative of the Roman Catholic Church did their very best to ruin him.

Let my readers now see how they also accuse Lord Baltimore, page 414, the Provincial Copley "recommends Lord Baltimore to read over the Bulla Coenae and know how he stands in conscience as a Catholic."

Page 410, "I would desire your Lordship to enquire, whether any one that should go about to restrain ecclesiastical liberties in this point encure not the excommunications of *Bulla Coenae.*" And the crime committed by both Lewger and Lord Baltimore is their continued refusal to give to the Roman Church and her priests the immunities and privileges as the true and only Church. Let my readers see how they speak, page 49: "No provision made with regard to ecclesiastical persons; nor any favor shown them; no immunity or privilege preserved for the Church. . . ." Lewger says that "papal bulls and ecclesiastical cannon . . are all alike to be brushed aside because they are all *ex parte,* speaking on one side" . . . "They have granted warrants already against persons in the household of the priests."

Because neither Lord Baltimore nor Lewger nor Leonard Calvert were ready to grant to the Roman Catholic Church such favors, exemptions and exclusive privileges as the one and only true

Church even the Jesuit writer, I mean the historian Hughes, says today, page 436, "Finally there are the fiftieth, eightieth and ninetieth excommunications of the *Bulla Coenae Domini* which came home to Mr. Lewger, Governor Leonard Calvert and Lord Baltimore."

I believe that my argument is proven, but I shall give yet stronger evidence of the opposition of Catholics, as such, to the laws enacted by the Assembly. On page 418 this statement occurs: "The Fathers of the society persisted boldly this infamous attempt (that is, the laws against the privileges, immunities and favors of the Roman Church), professing that they were ready to shed their blood for the defense of the faith and of ecclesiastical liberty." Let my readers never forget that "faith" means Roman Catholic faith, and "ecclesiastical liberty" for the Church of Rome to carry out her purposes and designs, all other Churches being excluded.

The general to the Provincial Copley, page 458, gives these solemn warnings and permanent instructions: "I trust they determine on no measure without referring to the chief pastor (the Pope); since without him it is not lawful to attempt anything, nor for us to acquiesce if they did so. He alone (the Pope), and under him the others decide in matters concerning their men of whatever nation these may be, or in whatever part of the world."

Some of my readers may say those words come from a Jesuit and there were a great many Catholic laymen in the colony.

Let my readers see what a layman says. This layman was Thomas Cornwaleys whom the Jesuit calls a "real Catholic." On page 404 Cornwalyes says: "But now I will say some things of the inconvenience fallinge by these lawes of the church of God; which should have binne regarded in the first place." Pages 405, 406, he says that a number of Acts are now going over for his lordship's confirmation but he (Cornwaleys) "hopes that the Proprietary will be more wary in confirming than wee have beene wise in proposeing." Captain Cornwaleys continues: "Therefore I beseech your Lordship for his sake, whose honor you and we doe heere pretend and whoe at last must judg with what sincerity we have discharged it, that you, whose consent they must receave the bindeing fors of lawes, will not permit the least clawes (clause) toe pass that shall not first bee thoroughly scand and revolved by wise, learned and religious divines, toe bee noe waise preduditial toe the immunettyes and priveledges of that Church, which is the only true guide toe all eternall happiness."

Let my readers bear in mind that he means by "religious divines" Roman Catholic theologians and by "that church" the Roman Catholic Church.

Again, pages 406 and 407: "I (Cornwaleys) now declare toe youre Lordship, and shall not feare toe doe the like toe all the world if it bee necessary. I will rather sacrifice myself and all I have in the defense of God's honor and his Churche's right, than willingly consent toe anything that may not

stand with the good contiens of a real Catholic."

Let my readers not forget for a moment that Cornwaleys speaks against the very laws which put the Roman Catholic Church and the clergy on the same footing as the Protestant denominations and ministers.

There is yet more. Not only were Lord Baltimore and Lewger in accordance rather with Protestantism than Romanism in presenting and enacting religious tolerance; not only were these laws passed by a Protestant majority; not only did the Jesuits and real Catholics oppose and not vote for them, but the history also tells us that the only two public acts of bigotry, intolerance and narrowness committed at that time were committed by William Lewis, an overseer of the property of the Jesuits, and by Thomas Gerrard, also a Roman Catholic.

Mr. Clayton Colman-Hall in his six lectures on Maryland Colonial History delivered before Johns-Hopkins University in the year 1902 relates these two incidents as follows, page 68: "One William Lewis, a Roman Catholic in the employment of Thomas Cornwaleys, came into a room in which two servants of his master, who were lodged with him, were reading aloud a book of sermons by a Protestant minister. Lewis denounced the author, Protestant ministers in general, and forbade the men to read such books in his house.

"The second case arose in 1642, when Thomas Gerrard, also a Roman Catholic, carried off some books and the key from a chapel at St. Mary's under claim of some property rights therein. The Protestants who apparently worshipped in the chapel, appealed to the Assembly for redress."

Thomas Hughes, the Jesuit historian, confirms this account, first on page 340 and again on page 540.

I notice a discrepancy between the historians as a whole and the Jesuit in regard to the date of the famous Act on the Holy Church. All American historians I have ever read put the date of this Act at 1649, but the Jesuit historian seems to place it at 1639. Let my readers see his own words, page 407: "In this war-like declaration (Cornwaley's protest copied above, 1638), from the military chief of the colony, it is not diffieult to see the origin of a certain Act for church liberties which was passed by the freemen in their very first meeting after the date of this correspondence; was passed by them in very first place among the bills read and engrossed; and when these taken severally were set aside was still passed as the very first provision in the comprehensive ordinance enacted by the freemen and confirmed by the governor in the name of the Proprietary, March 19, 1639, Archives of Maryland, Proceedings of the Assembly, pages 40 and 83."

Granting that the Act of Religious Tolerance was passed not at this early date, but in 1649, the position of Catholics does not improve at all. On the contrary we have the same Lord Baltimore and Lewger whom we have seen were Protestants rather than Catholics; the same Protestant majority which was greatly increased by the

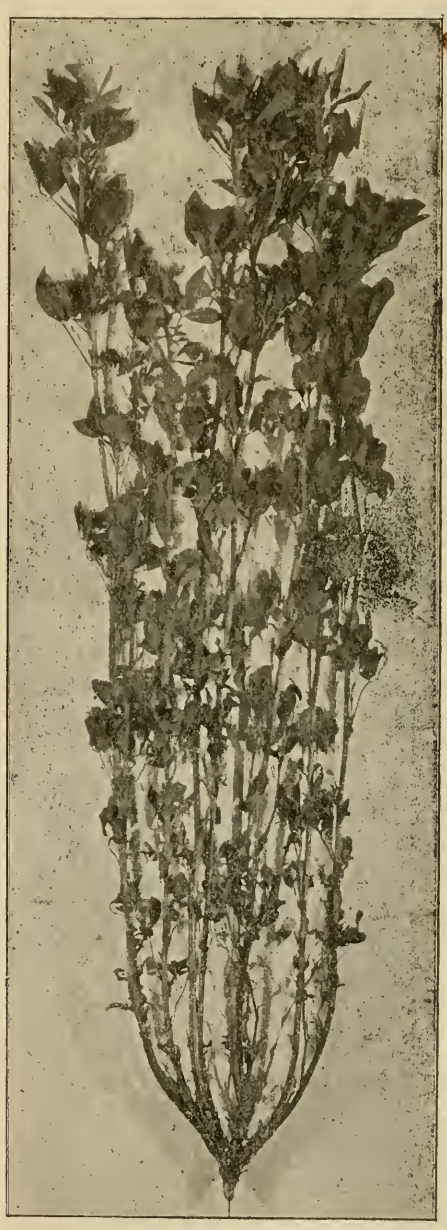
Purtians received into the colony three years before and by the appointment as governor, 1648, of William Stone, who was the first Protestant governor in name as well as in fact.

I shall dismiss this whole discussion about religious freedom in Maryland by asking respectfully one question of Cardinal Gibbons.

Your Eminence, the papers reported about two years ago that you declined to co-operate in the erection of a monument commemorative of religious freedom in Maryland because a Puritan and a Chevalier were intended to appear together with the Catholic in the monument.

You then said something like this: "Catholics only achieved religious freedom in Maryland and Catholics alone ought to be in the monument."

Since Lord Baltimore and Lewger were Protestant rather than Catholic, since it was a Protestant majority and not a Catholic majority which passed those laws, since Catholics, as such, protested against any law placing them on the same footing as other Christian denominations, I ask you in the name of the American people, in the name of historical correctness and in the name of Christian truth who ought to be in the commemorative monument?



The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XXV.

IS human nature about the same, everywhere, and at all times? Is not the man of today the same being that loved and hated, envied and coveted, cheated and lied, stole and plundered thousands of years ago? If David was a type, "after God's own heart," our Maker must have an infinite sympathy for red blood and elemental passions.

The immodest wife of Uriah takes her bath so openly that King David has a leisurely view of her charms: is enraptured and straightway sends orders to the army which mean the speedy death of Uriah. Whereupon the amorous monarch helps himself to the widow.

"A man after God's own heart?" Let us hope that the Jewish scribe was mistaken about *that*.

At any rate, human nature as it manifests itself today is the same that the oldest records of the race reveal it to have been thousands of years ago. The same selfishness, covetousness, lust, greed, envy, hatred, malice, acquisitiveness, ambition, deceptiveness and love of revenge that were in the hearts of men, at the very dawn of time, are as powerful now as they ever have been.

What men and women would do, under certain circumstances, five thousand years ago, they will do again. The conditions which bred vice in Babylon, bred it afterwards in imperial Rome. The conditions which corrupted the East, afterwards putrified the West. All students of history know this to be true.

Gibbon wrote some chapters about the early Roman Church which made the Romanists squirm. Even in those days, the system had borne its inevitable fruit of hypocrisy and immorality.

In his Chapter XV. we read:

"In our present state of existence, the body is so inseparably connected with the soul, that it seems to be our interest to taste, with innocence and moderation, the enjoyments of which that faithful companion is susceptible.

"Very different was the reasoning of our devout predecessors: vainly aspiring to imitate the perfection of the angels, they disdained, or affected to disdain, every earthly and corporeal delight. * * *.

"The candidate for heaven was instructed, not only to resist the grosser allurements of taste and smell, but even to shut his ears against the profane harmony of

sounds, and to view with indifference the most finished productions of human art. Gay apparel, magnificent houses, and elegant furniture, were supposed to unite the double guilt of pride and sensuality: a simple and mortified appearance was more suitable to the Christian who was certain of his sins and doubtful of his salvation."

In this day of Romanist display of gorgeous raiment, resplendent palaces, princely living and insane pride, it is well to read again the early standards of the Christian church.

Gibbon continues:

"The chaste severity of the fathers, in whatever related to the commerce of the two sexes, flowed from the same principle; their abhorrence of every enjoyment which might gratify the sensual and degrade the spiritual nature of man. * * *.

"*It was with the utmost difficulty that ancient Rome could support the institution of six vestals;* but the primitive church was filled with a great number of persons of either sex, who had devoted themselves to the profession of perpetual chastity.

"A few of these, among whom we may reckon the famous Origen, judged it the most prudent to disarm the tempter." (By having themselves desexualized.)

"Some were insensible and some were invincible against the assaults of the flesh.

"Disdaining an ignominious flight, the virgins of the warm climate of Africa encountered the enemy in the closest engagement: they permitted priests and deacons to share their bed, and gloried amidst the flames in their unsullied purity. But insulted Nature sometimes vindicated her rights, and this new species of martyrdom served only to introduce a new scandal into the church."

I urge you to reflect upon the tremendous significance of Gibbon's statement concerning the Vestal Virgins.

"It was with the utmost difficulty that ancient Rome could support the institution of six Vestals."

Six! And we read of the occasional burying alive of one of these half-a-dozen maidens who had taken the vows of chastity and had been put in charge of the sacred fire.

Yet, we are asked to believe that, where ancient Rome had enormous difficulty in finding six virgins who could live up to the vows of purity, MODERN ROME HAS NO TROUBLE WHATEVER IN FINDING SIXTY THOUSAND—AND MORE—WHO CAN do it!

Gibbon is quoted in order that you may see what abuses grew out of the Roman system at the very beginning.

Now let us trace the matter down through subsequent ages and ascertain, if we can, what celibacy, and monastic institutions have done for morals ever since.

St. Jerome said:

"More people are corrupted by the church than by anything else."

St. Augustin said:

"The church has drifted into dissipation."

John Gerson, a Romanist writer, said:

"Look and see if the nunneries do not resemble brothel-houses."

Mr. Celemanges, Rector of the University of Sorbona, in his work, "De corrupto Eclesiae statu," says regarding nunneries:

"I would like to say in regard to nunneries that they are populated by women abandoned to all sort of excesses in dissipation, fornication, incest, adultery and all other acts of lewdness and lawlessness, in common with houses of prostitution."

Barleta in his sermon No. 262, says of the nunneries:

"O! what an accumulation of adultery, sodomy and fornication! The privies are choked and trembling at the cries of babies thrown into them."

Laurent in his work, "The Church and its morals," volume I, page 26, says:

"At each century's assembly the church says to itself: You are simoniac! You are licentious! You are criminal and you are infamous!"

In the council of Neoceserea (314) the clergy were forbidden to have any women in their homes. This was confirmed by the councils of Nicea (325) and the one of Carthage (397) by which only their mothers and brothers were allowed to live with them.

The council of Toledo (589), the one of Narbone in the same year, and others, excommunicated the mistresses of the clergy, condemning them to slavery with their children.

The council of Tours (567) forbid the clergymen to sleep together in the same bed; which prohibition was ratified by the council of Paris, where the reasons for such prohibition were given. Those reasons are not taken down for decency sake.

The council of Toledo ordered the bishops to have a watchman in their dormitories. This was caused by their moral misconducts.

The council of Valance said: "The bishops are lacking of morals and knowledge.

In the council of Aix (836) it was said: "The nunneries are regular bawdy-houses."

The council of Mayence (888) the clergy were forbidden what the council of Nicea allowed them; that is to say, that not even their mothers or sisters were permitted to live with them, as they were not safe.

And Laurent cites that the council of Paris (1212) ordered that nuns should sleep singly.

It was also prohibited to have any female animals in the convents of monks.

At a council held in France, in the year 909 Archbishop Hervey bitterly denounced the prevailing degeneracy of priests, monks and nuns. Said he:

"We bear the flame of Bishops but we do not perform the duties. We neglect preaching: we see those who are committed to us abandon God and wallow in vice without reproving them. * * * The monks forget the sanctity of their profession. We see in the monasteries consecrated to God, abbots who are like laymen, with their wives and children, their soldiers and their dogs. How shall abbots cause the rules to be observed, *which they do not even know how to read?*" (Fleury, Book II.)

The letters of Alton, Bishop of Verceil, show a similar state of

clerical immorality. Many of the priests kept their concubines publicly. In order to support their illegitimate families, they became avaricious, usurers, robbers and cheats. And the people, disgusted, would not pay tithes and make offerings, so that the clergy had hardly any subsistence.

(Fleury, book 12.)

In the year 968, King Edgar addressed a Council held under Archbishop Dunstan, and described the condition of the Romanist clergy.

"Their lasciviousness of dress, their insolence in gesture, their shamelessness in speech, betray the madness of the inner man. How great is their negligence in the sacred offices, when they come to say solemn mass itself, to play and laugh, rather than to chant.

"How profuse they are in drunkenness, in chambering, in wantonness, so that the house of a clergyman might be thought a little assembly of players and prostitutes."

In the year 974 the Bishop of Verona, Rathier, bewails the flagitious morals of the priesthood. He says that their shaved faces and heads are the only distinguishing marks they bear. Otherwise they resemble in all respects the dissolute men around them.

The good Bishop declares that he cannot hold a synod without embarrassment, for he beheld amongst the priests before him bigamists, fornicators, conspirators, perjured men, drunkards, and usurers.

"In a word," he says, "the cause of the destruction of all my people is the clergy."

In the year 1020, at the Council of Pavia, Benedict VIII. delivered a discourse in which he declared that the licentious lives of the clergy dishonored the church, and that they dissipated the large revenues received from the liberality of princes in publicly supporting their concubines and enriching their children.

Clemangis, a French Catholic theologian, speaks of the nunneries of his time—the beginning of the 15th Century:

"Quid aliud sunt hoc tempore puellar um monasteria, nisi queredam non dico Dei sancturia, sed Veneris execranda prostibula, sed lasciivorum et impudicorum juvenum ad libidines explendas receptacula? ut idem sit hodie puellam clare, quod et publice ad scortandum exponese."

Hallam, in his Middle Ages, says of the monasteries:

"In vain new rules of discipline were devised, or the old corrected by reforms. Many of the worst vices *grew so naturally out of their mode of life* that a stricter discipline could have no tendency to extirpate them. * * * Their extreme licentiousness was sometimes hardly concealed by the cowl of sanctity."

Hallam puts his finger on the true cause of the immorality inseparable from monastic institutions: it is the mode of life.

Virginity in adults of both sexes is unnatural, and Nature rebels against the attempts to suppress her.

Rev. Blanco White was one of hundreds of priests who have abandoned Rome, after thoroughly learning what she was. His expos-

ure of Romanism appeared in 1826. He says:

"I cannot find tints sufficiently dark to portray the miseries which I have witnessed in the convents. Crime, in spite of spiked walls and prison grates, is there. The gates of the holy prison are forever closed upon the inhabitants; force and shame await them wherever they might fly; the short vows of their profession, like a potent charm, bind them to one spot of earth, and fix their dwelling upon their grave."

"Of all the victims of the Church of Rome, the nuns deserve the greatest sympathy. * * * I have seen the human mind in all stages of debasement, but souls more polluted than some of these professed vestals of the Church of Rome, have never come under my observation."

Another Roman Catholic author states:

"Nunneries are not sanctuaries of God, but receptacles for ——. It is the same thing to put a nun's veil on a girl, as to expose her to public prostitution."

"Nuns, in every place, and under all circumstances, follow the example of the monks and priests, who are placed over them." (Chalmenque's De Corrupto Eccl.)

In the "Revelations" of St. Bridget (a Swedish princess who devoted herself to founding monasteries) we find this statement:

"The monks are not ashamed, but openly boast, when their favorite mistress is about to become a mother."

Again she says:

"Would to God that in all monasteries there were grates of punched iron, such as we find in some observant convents."

In fact, the prodigious immorality which prevailed throughout the Roman Catholic world is attested by literature of every kind. The law books attest it, the drama attests it, history attests it, poetry, fiction and painting all attest it. Throughout feudal Europe, and in the remotest territories belonging to Catholic powers, the priest who performed the peasant's marriage ceremony claimed and exercised the right to occupy the bridal bed on the first night. At a comparatively recent date, the European peasant escaped the degradation by paying the priest a sum of money. In the Philippine Islands, the monks and friars were still exercising "the right of the first night" at the time of the American Conquest.

When the monasteries were "visited" in England, under Henry VIII. an appalling state of affairs was discovered. They are described at some length in the second volume of Froude's "History."

The Archbishop of Canterbury writing to the Abbot of the Monastery of St. Albans, during the pontificate of Innocent VIII., accuses the monks of all manner of dissoluteness. These monks "do lead only a life of lasciviousness—nay as horrible to relate, be not afraid to defile the holy places, even the very churches of God, by infamous intercourse with nuns."

"They" (the brethren of the abbey) "live with harlots and mistresses publicly and continuously, within the precincts of the monastery and without. You have not punished these men, but rather

knowingly supported and maintained them. If any of your brethren be living justly and religiously, if any be wise and virtuous, these you straightway depress and hold in hatred."

But, just as the Abbot did not punish the monks and nuns, so the Archbishop did not punish the Abbot. The reprimand was the end of the matter. The Abbot, the monks and the nuns continued to wallow in the mire of shameless debauchery.

In 1511, Archbishop Warham attempted a second visitation. It was found that lewd women were introduced into the monasteries, that nuns and abbesses accused each other of incontinence; and that the alms collected in the chapels were spent by the monks in licentiousness.

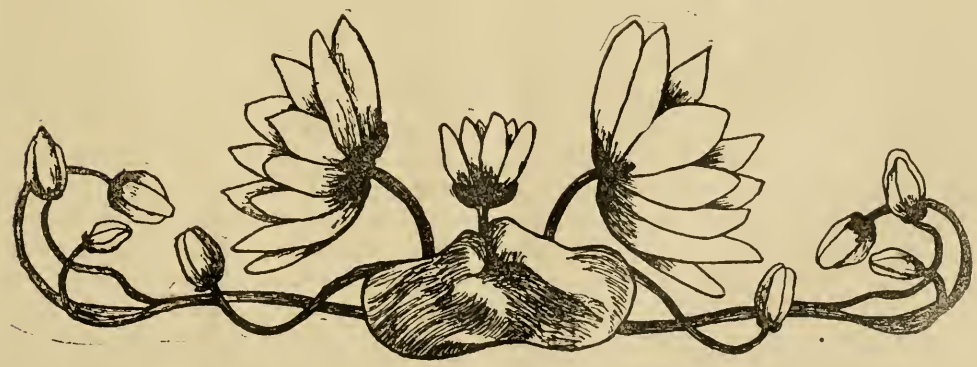
Cardinal Wolsey, twelve years later, made another investigation, discovered similar depravities, and could do nothing to reform them. Then followed the Parliamentary visitation. Every abbey and monastery in England was overhauled, and the general report of the Commissioners was that *two-thirds* of the monks were "living in habits which may not be described." * * * "The abbeys were saturated with profligacy, simony and drunkenness."

"The case against the monasteries was complete. * * * The demoralization which was exposed was nothing less and nothing more than the condition into which men of average nature, compelled to celibacy, * * * were certain to fall."

Precisely so. Normal men *must* have women, or resort to unnatural vices. Normal women *must* have men, or sink to the level of beasts.

We hardly need to remind our readers that in consequence of the official report of the Commission, the monastic institutions were suppressed.

History repeats itself: England is once more dotted with monasteries, and we may not doubt that the abuses natural to them have come again.



India, The Opulent

INFORMATION from the inside is always interesting.

For many years "India" has been the magic word to coax money from the pockets of mission-mad Americans, to "redeem" India.

We have had harrowing tales of famine, plague, flood and distress of every sort, in India, for which American dollars alone could be used to alleviate.

A distinguished native of India has written several books. One of the latest of these is "What the British Have Done for India," and we quote the learned native in part:

Apart from the Oriental magnificence which, at the extravagant expenditure of over $10,000,000 by the British-India Government and the Maharajas, gave hitherto unexcelled resplendency to the pageant held at Delhi—Hindustan's old capital—on December 12, to hear his Majesty George V, King of England, proclaimed Emperor of the Indian Empire, there is a significance attached to the assemblage which is bound to appeal even to those who hate barbaric pomp and splendor, but are interested in taking stock of the good the peninsular has derived, directly and indirectly, from its connection with Great Britain.

In order to make such a survey, it is essential, for evident reasons, to form a clear concept of the chaotic condition of the country when the British took hold of it, and of the forces that had brought this about. After the death of Aurangzeb, it will be remembered, various Moslem viceroys established themselves as rulers, the Sikhs arose in the northwest and the Marathas in the south, and plucked many gorgeous plumes from the Mogul peacock, while the Portuguese, French and English each strove to secure, and succeeded in gaining, sovereignty over restricted areas. Rivalries in the camps of the foreigners, aided and abetted by native kings, led to bloody conflicts extending over decades, which, by the middle of the nineteenth century, ended in Great Britain being recognized as suzerain over the whole peninsula. But in 1857, when, at the close of the sanguinary Sepoy Mutiny, the British Crown took over the government of India from the "East-India Company," the country, as the result of this struggle for supremacy, was rent by anarchy which jeopardized life and property, disintegrated industries, impeded trade and commerce, suspended social amenities and interfered with religious observances. It is from this morass that Great Britain has sought to rescue Hindustan.

The first effort of the British Government of India was to drain the marsh of civil war, and it has succeeded wonderfully well in carrying through this undertaking. Peace, no greater than which any country possesses, today reigns supreme over Hindustan, and has prevailed for more than a half-century. Of late years, even local disturbances—most of them of a religious character, due to the antipathy existing between the Hindus and Mohammedans, and fought over such an inoffensive beast as the cow, which the former regard as sacred, and the latter as a cheap and palatable article of diet—are becoming less frequent and acrimonious. To guarantee the continuance of this tranquility, a strong and efficient army and police system have been established; the country has been cut up into administrative divisions

under a central government; demarcations have been made between the civil and military departments; the levying and collection of taxes have been systematized; the laws of the land have been codified and a judiciary established to administer them; and all parts of the country have been linked up with good roads, railways, post, telegraph, and telephone.

A settled state of affairs being the seed of progress, the industrial, intellectual, social, moral, religious, and political reconstruction of India has been growing apace for over fifty years —and the people have made noteworthy advancement in every department of life. To take up each aspect separately and seriatim:

The first effect of the establishment of *Pax Britannica* in India was to deal a staggering blow to the industrial system, already weak beyond measure as the result of the anarchy of centuries. The establishment of British rule pulled down the subtle walls that always had protected the native craftsmen from foreign attack; and, wedded as they were to their hand looms and handicrafts, working not for the love of money, but for the sake of artistic production, caring everything for the world to come, and nothing for here and now, cherishing their tools, that had known no improvement for ages, too much to discard them for efficient implements, they were forced to compete with England which, at that time, led the world in producing manufactures by steam-driven machinery. The result of it all was that trades and industries languished, the soil became overburdened with labor, and farms shrank in size in inverse ratio as the pressure of population increased on them. The backwardness of the agriculturist, his clumsy implements, and his antiquated methods, further aggravated the situation. In addition, for the first time in its history, Hindustan began to see its money drained to a foreign country, for the pay of Englishmen who never had been outside of London, for the pensions of retired Britishers who had worked in the peninsula, for the stores the British-Indian Government brought from "home," and on account of the trade balance in favor of Great Britain, due to its ability to make and unmake Indian tariff, to exploit motive power, and to its altogether superior commercial acumen. Thus all factors combined to reduce the economic stability of the land of Ind to its lowest ebb.

However, during the last four or five decades, India has been gathering together its industrial forces to fight foreign competition. The Government has established a few technical institutions, and sent native students to Europe and America to learn applied chemistry, obtain a theoretical and practical knowledge of the various trades carried on under modern conditions, with steam and electricity, and learn how commerce is conducted by the most advanced nations. Indian philanthropists and industrialists themselves have started technological schools, and sent promising young men to Japan, the United States, and Europe, for training. Hoardings have been dug out of the earth where they had been buried for safety, and invested in joint stock companies, which are setting up modern factories, organized on the Western plan, fitted with up-to-date machinery. Hundreds of such enterprises have already been established in all parts of the country. and are producing cotton, silk, and wool cloth, pencils, porcelain, pottery, glass, leather goods, matches, cigars, cigarettes, pens, buttons, umbrellas, celluloid and celluloid articles, felt hats, pharmaceutical products, camphor, printing inks, soaps, candles, and essential oils: scores of others are now in course of construction, one of the most notable being the Tata Iron Foundry, which will be as large as any in the

United States. Most of these ventures are financed, supervised, managed, and manned by Indians. Some natives, by distinguishing themselves through their mechanical inventions, scientific research, and the commercial exploitation of chemical secrets, are adding to their own and their people's prosperity.

Simultaneously, enterprising Hindus and Mohammedans are making an effort to give an impetus to the hand industries by replacing cumbersome tools with improved hand looms and other hand machinery. The revival of the cult of handicrafts in the Occident is having a reflex action in India and is resurrecting the old traditions of the indigenous arts and crafts. The new patriotic spirit, which is coming to be the most distinguishing note of new Hindustan, is tending in the same direction, creating a sentiment that is erecting an invisible tariff wall.

Agriculture also is benefiting from this general stimulus. Young men have entered schools established by the Government for the purpose of imparting instruction in scientific agronomy, or have gone abroad at the expense of the administration or private philanthropists, or on their own responsibility, to study twentieth century farming and farm industries. The British-Indian Government and Native States alike maintain experimental farms, which demonstrate scientific methods and issue literature to induce the simple farmer-folk to give up the ancient, and adopt better ways of doing their work. The revival of the old and the introduction of new industries, by reducing the undue pressure on the soil, and, in some cases, occasioning shortage of agricultural labor, have added to the tendency to employ chilled steel plows, modern rollers and harrows, reapers, winnowers, steam threshers, fodder cutters, and other tools such as are used by American farmers.

The British have shown great enterprise in building irrigation systems in Hindustan to insure that the land already under cultivation shall receive sufficient water when the fickle monsoon is stingy in sending down showers, and to make the desert fertile, so that population may be more evenly distributed throughout the country. More than 25,000,000 acres, including 6,000,000 acres of waste land in northwestern India which, during the last twenty years, have been converted into a world granary, are protected by canals—to be sure, not enough for a country of over 1,000,000 square miles, but a good record for less than sixty years' work.

Great Britain's accomplishment in stimulating the Indian intellect is equally noteworthy. The Hindus possess a philosophical mind. In the old days, when Europe was peopled with savages, they had famous universities at Benares, Bilaynagar, and Nadea, where religion, grammar, logic, and moral philosophy were taught. The Mohammedans likewise prized learning, and many of the Mogul Emperors prided themselves as much upon their skill at versification, *bon mot*, and argument, as upon their vast empire. However, at the time when the Moslems yielded their throne to the English, no systematic teaching was being done in any part of India. Brahmins belonging to the Hindu temples and the Moulvis of the Mohammedan mosques, to be sure, made some attempt at imparting knowledge, but they were feeble, fitful, and elementary in the extreme. The British Government of India has established univeristies at Calcutta, Allahabad, Lahore, Bombay, and Madras, and is planning to found one at Rangoon. The Hindus and Mohammedans themselves are raising funds with the intention of asking King George, during his stay in India, to lay foundation stones for a Hindu university at Benares, and a Mohammedan university at Aligarh. Government colleges and high schools

abound everywhere in Hindustan, and already there is a grammar school in one village out of every five.

The people themselves have started and are maintaining hundreds of primary schools and a score or more of academies, some of which receive subsidies from the administration, while others are absolutely independent of grants-in-aid. Both the rulers of the land and private individuals conduct a large number of schools and colleges exclusively for girls, which serve a useful end by bringing the light of emancipation to thousands of native women, who, in their turn, are carrying it on to their less fortunate sisters. Of course, as yet only a small minority of Indians have become literate, and today the larger percentage of boys and girls of school-going age are not attending institutions of learning; but none the less a great impetus has been given to the campaign to rid Hindustan of its ignorance and consequent superstition. The British so far have not seen their way clear to make elementary education free or compulsory, though just now a bill has been introduced and is being pushed by the Indian members of India's parliament—the Supreme Legislative Council—to introduce these features in the educational system. One of the Maharajas, Sayaji Rao III, has carried out this reform in his State of Baroda, while the rulers of Travancore, Mysore, Patiala, and a few other native States, have made public instruction in the lower grades free.

The British, being foreigners, and only a drop in the bucket when compared with the Indian population—there are less than 300,000 European men, women, and children, all told, among 300,000,000 natives—for patent reasons have not dared to do much to interfere directly with the social, moral, and religious canons of the people. Yet with the co-operation of progressive Indians they have passed laws to abolish *sati*—the immolation of Hindu widows on their husbands' funeral pyres, a cruel custom, especially in view of the fact that ofttimes relatives, considering it cheaper to persuade or force the hapless women thus to kill themselves than to support them for a long term of years, egged them on to commit suicide in this orthodox manner; legalized widow remarriage, thus dealing an insidious but tremendously effective blow to the Hindu practice of enforcing widowhood; made matrimony between men and women professing different religions possible; and fixed the age of consent.

Indirectly, the English have inspired the natives to set about reorganizing their social, moral, and religious systems. Indians educated in the modern schools and colleges find it impossible to live up to such requirements of caste as the practice of looking upon more than 60,000,000 of their confreres as "untouchable," and treating them worse than dogs; refusing to break bread with people of other clans and creeds than their own; refraining from going abroad for material betterment or pleasure; abstaining from marrying outside the extremely restricted area prescribed for them; or compelling widows to remain single without insisting upon compulsory "widowerhood." Their education makes them recognize the banefulness of extremely early wedlock and its consequent evil, immature motherhood. They therefore, singly and collectively, during the last fifty years, have increasingly urged the reconstruction of society along saner, more modern, and civilized lines. Organizations have been established in all parts of the country to effect these reforms, and the propaganda is yearly enlisting the enthusiasm of a constantly growing number of men and women. In more than one metropolis today institutions are to be found where members of the fair sex, many of them widows, are being trained to

be sisters of mercy, to aid and instruct the poor and neglected.

The most remarkable result of Western education has been the revitalizing of Hinduism and Islam. Dissenting faiths, such as the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj, and Theosophy have sprung up, Sikhism has been revived, and Mohammedanism inspired to purge itself of many hindering accretions. These religious bodies are exerting their whole influence to divert the people from the mere mumbling of meaningless prayers, to endeavoring to build up a good moral character. Monogamy is making a great headway among both Hindus and Moslems, and they are trying to give a more equitable status to their women.

It is only natural that modern education should develop political aspirations in the Indians. They desire to see their country governed by native agency on the same principles as those in vogue in Occidental lands. However, the bulk of them realize that, at the present stage of India's evolution, a popular administration is not possible, and they therefore do not press England to immediately leave its Oriental dependency to its fate, but agitate for the granting of self government to the people as literacy advances among them. There is a small majority, to be sure, which is eager to see Hindustan absolutely and at once freed from British leading-strings, and the extremists among them even go to the length of occasionally throwing bombs and firing revolvers at officials, and advocating a complete boycott of English men and goods. But the number of impatient idealists and anarchists is small compared with the great moderate majority. In acknowledgement of the demands of Young India, and in recognition of the fact that the people have progressed materially and intellectually during the last half-century, Great Britain has conceded to the natives a limited voice in the administration of their own country; and every year sees more of the important government posts being given to them.

Similar improvement is going on in the native States, which must be distinguished from British India, being ruled by Indian princes who, though subject to the supervision and advice of the paramount power in carrying on their government, yet are practically the masters of all they survey. Many of the Maharajas, as has been observed, have shown great enthusiasm in affording excellent educational facilities for their subjects, and the enlightened rulers of Mysore and Travancore have conceded important legislative rights to their people. Whereas in the old days, the princes used to vie with one another in being the most extravagant in jewels, and dress, and capricious pleasure, now the more progressive among them are running a race to provide stable administrations. Without undue pressure from the outside, here and there these potentates are bringing to an end the policy of their forefathers, who looked upon all state revenue as belonging to their privy purse, and are voluntarily limiting their expenditures. The native rulers attempt to emulate the example of British India, while the alien administrators try to outstrip the Maharajas in introducing advanced measures. A healthy rivalry thus exists between the two, and steadily as time rolls on, portending the present and future well-being of the whole of the land.

The British do not take the stand that they have perfected the government of India to a point where it cannot be improved—the educated Indians would not permit them to harbor such a thought for a moment, even if they were inclined to do so. A public platform and press have gradually been established which, in conjunction with the Indian members of the Supreme and Provincial Legislative Councils, keep the officials strung up to the high-

est pitch of efficiency and watchfulness. Journalistic and oratorical gad-flies keep stinging the natives, also, to do all they can to hurry along the intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual evolution of the country.

Consequently India in 1911 is not only in every respect incomparably better than it was when the British entered it as traders, or when their sovereign took hold of the reins of its government, but it actually is on the high road of progress, and is making giant strides, despite the fact that the inertia of centuries and the wrangling of warring races and creeds flag its energies. Important as it is that the English have established peace, built schools, provided transportation and communication facilities, modernized old irrigation canals and constructed new ones, codified, revised, and improved the laws of the land, and introduced other features of a humane government, they have done even greater good in kicking the natives out of their lethargy of ages, and inspiring the different sections of the people to settle their quarrels of the past, bury the hatchet, and turn their attention to self-improvement. In the long run, self-help is the best aid, and the British, having been the means of stimulating the Indians with the desire to work out their own salvation, have performed the most invaluable service for Hindustan.

It is startling to note the utter absence of any mention of the work done by American missionaries, in the article we have quoted.

Natives have, we are told, spent huge sums for charitable and educational work; Great Britain is given credit for all it has done or attempted to do, but the United States, which has contributed thousands of dollars "for the relief of India," has not been thanked, evidently, by the Powers of either Great Britain or India, for the work attempted or accomplished.

While all this industrial, educational, architectual and other development has been going on, it will be interesting to note that there was as keen a demand for American dollars as ever.

We are told, by the statistics in "Missionary Tidings," that $29,330 for orphanage support in Bilaspur, India. The schools at that place received $855, and the hospital $1,175, all American money.

In Hindustan there was distributed $2,000 of medical supplies, and Great Britain was relieved of the care of her India orphans at this place, to the amount of $11,000.

A home for women and babies, in Kulpahar, India, had $2,216 of American collection, spent on it.

A careful perusal of the article by Saint Nihal Singh, compared with a close reading of the reports of American mission boards will make good matter for deep thought.

In the United States of America today, the poor are poorer and the rich richer, than ever before in the history of the country.

In the United States, we have a larger number of children at work in mills, mines, factories and sweat shops than ever before.

Dosen't it seem that it would be a good idea to let Great Britain spend a little of the fabulous sums she has been using in other channels in India, to care for those for whom the improvements are made?

In plain English—what right have we to go into another country, pauperize its people and deny our own people?

The same argument holds good for China, Japan and every other country in which long established mission boards have spent thousands and thousands of American dollars.

The returns, from a soul-saving viewpoint, seem scarcely to justify the expenditure of time, lives and money which have been so lavishly donated to "the cause" in India, China and Japan.

Work—a God's lavish of it, may be found in the United States today, for every man and woman now engaged in foreign mission fields.

The need for every dollar of money that can be raised is pressing in every part of the Union, and it would seem a good time for India to be permitted to profit by Breat Britain's willingness to develop her along those lines which appeal most to the standard of Great Britain.

The Making of a Man

Abbie Fosdick Ransom

SHE left the electric car at the corner and hurried down the street toward home. A little woman with a form trim as a cedar tree and lithe as a poplar, while her face showed many a wrinkle under the rather shabby hat. Her jacket was all too thin for the weather and her teeth were chattering as she pushed open the outer door and entered the living room.

Her husband rose at her appearance, and pulling up a chair mutely invited her to a seat by the grate.

"It's going to be a terrible night, Harlow," was her greeting. "The temperature is below freezing now."

"The wind is rising too, isn't it?" helping her with her hat and jacket.

"Yes, and I do so dread the wind. Whenever it strikes me I want to sink down into a little heap while it passes over me. I have no strength to fight against it. There was a blockade on Summit street and I had to wait for a car for nearly twenty minutes just there where the wind sweeps up from the lake."

She unlaced her shoes and stretched out her stockinged feet to the blaze. He watched her without speaking for a time, then he said in a tone which held a remonstrance for speaking at all:

"I don't like to tell you of it, Esther, but Harvey sent a messenger here twice this evening after you."

Her eyes flashed inquiry into his face but she did not speak, she could not. Harvey, their boy, her best loved, yet withal, so devil-may-care, the one who acted first and thought afterward; was he in trouble or why had he sent for her on such an evening?

"He sent a note. There it is on the table, nothing in it. He only wants you to come to him and I protest. You are not going out again tonight. Why has he not come himself instead of sending?"

She took the note from the table and read. Once, twice, three times, before its meaning impressed itself upon her brain.

"He doesn't say a word, only wants me to meet him at Cedar Hill. I must go, Harlow; he would never send for me if something were not wrong." As she spoke the note was replaced and the shoes were being hurriedly drawn on.

"Esther, it is ten o'clock; it will be eleven by the time you reach Cedar Hill. If I could go with you,I am almost tempted to try." One white hand opened and closed again as though to test its power to combat wind and cold.

"You must not think of it." Her whole character burst out in the decision of her tone. "You are getting along nicely now, and it would surely put you in bed again. Why, you haven't been out of doors in three months, and to speak of it such a night

as this. I must go and alone. A boy was here twice, you say?"

All the time her hands were busy. The shoes were laced, hat and jacket put on deftly as women of her makeup know how. She was cold, chilled to the quick, that did not matter. Their boy was in trouble, had sent for her, she must go. Never yet had he called in vain. Was he not hers to aid, to comfort, to be sacrificed for?

She took out her purse and scanned the contents. There was a little, a very little silver in it. She had been counting upon Harvey to help them through the week. Well, it was not the first time he had disappointed them, but it would all work out right in the end. The one thing necessary now was to get to him as quickly as possible, learn the worst and make the best come of it, whatever the worst might be.

At the corner the car had just started. Ten minutes wait for another. The wind pierced her, froze her until her blood partook of the chill at her heart. Particles of snow were slowly falling,—drifting along, first one and then another, to lie in greyish heaps in little spaces on the flagging, topping the edges of the curbing with a fine braiding, twisted and turned in many an intricate design. The electric lights shone white upon the cold, grey lines of steel stretching away into each succeeding circle of light and the wind swept and moaned among the wires until she quivered and shook in unison with them. At last the car came. She boarded it, shivering as with an ague while her heart was counting the minutes, overleaping the miles ahead in her desire to reach the boy. What had he done? He had never been in any real trouble, never done anything actually bad, but ever since he had been able to creep he had gone from one thing to another, anything, everything he had fancied, right or wrong, and for twenty years she had lived with her heart in her throat wondering what would come next. Now it was here, else he would never have sent for her with such urgency.

She left the car at the Hill. No one was in sight. Back and forth, forth and back she walked the little piece of road in front of the Station. At that late hour the agent was gone and no one was admitted until morning. She waited until waiting was torture. The mercury was falling rapidly and the wind was apparently trying to establish an equilibrium. It rushed around the corner, bore down upon her, over her, whirled swiftly back, caught her and wrapped her close. It held her until she cried with pain; tears froze on her cheeks and her veil was stiff as a shingle. At last away down the street she saw a single figure coming toward her with a step which could belong to no one except him for whom she waited. Her fingers clutched each other and held fast. Yes, is was he. Her fears were all in vain. It was not that—. Then she almost laughed at the thought which had possessed her.

"You're here, are you, mother?" he said as he tucked her arm within his, falling into step with her. "It grew so late I had almost given you up."

His tone was cheery and his head had a certain carriage that was new. His whole aspect spoke of something which had transformed the boy into the man, giving authority and dignity. She gazed at him in wonder while a restfulness came upon her and the agony of the last hour was forgotten in its peace.

"I was in the city when your note came." Something bound her lips together as with a cord and speech was difficult. "I started as soon as I heard."

She asked no questions. If he were waiting for them, if the telling of what he must say would be the easier for questioning, she kept them in her heart. They walked along until one, two, three blocks were behind them when he drew her closer to him, speaking in

a tone which more than once had gained him his desire.

"Mother, in my room down the street here some one is waiting to see you and I am taking you there."

She understood. Slowly she withdrew her arm from his and standing upon the flagging looked into his face. His words repeated themselves over and over until her very soul cried out in rebellion. He, her boy, her only one save for the daughter lying these many years under the hillside grass, had left her without a word, he had filled his heart with another image and that without a thought of her, his mother. A resentment, fierce, unreasoning as her love, took form within her and made her hard as the stones beneath her feet.

"Who is she?" Her voice sounded afar off, like the voice of the wind through the mountain passes. "What is she? How long has this been?"

He clasped her again to himself and hurried onward; in him a mastery at which she marvelled and struck against.

"Come," he said, "I am taking you to her. I will tell you nothing until you see. But, mother, you have often said you loved me for yourself and for my sister, too. Now, love me for myself and love my wife for the daughter who is dead."

That was all. It was enough, more than enough. The words threw even her physical pain into the balance against him. She almost hated him for daring to ask love for one whom she had never seen, whom she could not even call by name. Why should any girl take from her, unasking, what belonged to her as gift of God? He was hers, all hers, hers by right of love and suffering; hers by right of years of her own life poured unceasing into his; hers because through her his life had been filled to overflowing.

They reached a house where a light was burning near the roof. Up the stairs he led her, unresisting, until three flights were below them and they stood before a closed door. Then she faced him again.

"How long has this been?" she demanded. "Why did you not tell us? Why did you not come instead of sending? What right had you to so abuse your sick father's confidence? Do you not know that he is home suffering alone, dreading for me, filled with anxiety because of your message? Harvey, this is a bitter thing which you have done."

For the first time that night the boy she had known stood before her; in his eyes the old expression of conscious guilt, or repentance for wrong doing. His voice was the voice of a son seeking forgiveness.

"I didn't think, mother; now I remember how the cold pinches you. But it seemed as though I could not rest until you knew, and you musn't think anything until you have seen her. We were only married last night and had you known you would have prevented. I am only twenty, you know, and she is two months younger."

Only twenty! Her eyes went beyond him to a little child sitting between the rails of an electric car track half way down a steep hill in the country. She saw the motorman trying in vain to stop the car while she, herself, was springing towards the child with arms out-reaching. She felt the car strike just after she had caught him up, felt the impact as she struck the earth, far to the side, the child uninjured. She felt the days and nights of pain that followed for her. Then she saw that other one, the daughter, older than he by two years—the child with Puritan ways, whose one care from babyhood had been for her mother. She had never given anxiety, never anything but delight. She saw that one lying in a casket covered with smilax and the delicate blooms of the woodsey Quaker Lady. She saw whole fields of

that wonderfully beautiful flower and the little child who loved them calling to her from their midst. Then she felt the baby fingers of this boy stroking her face with tender caress. For once, sorrow had awed him to thoughtfulness. Some way, she could not see beyond that casket, she stood there looking into it and feeling again the touch of his fingers upon her face until his voice brought her back to the present pain.

"You know, mother, you might have prevented my obtaining a marriage lincense."

A marriage license; yes, that had been necessary. She spoke with supreme effort.

"Yes, you are only twenty; how did you obtain one?"

He faltered and looked down. His words were almost a defiance when they came.

"I told them I was twenty-one."

In spite of himself the scorn in her eyes drew his from the floor. He looked straight into her face while her reply reddened his cheeks as though a flame passed over them.

"So you have not only deceived me but you—lied. A fine preparation with which to enter the Holy of Holies, is it not?"

He seemed to shrink and shrivel until he dwindled to the stature of a child. At last he placed his hand upon the door, partly turning the knob with irresolute touch.

"Will you see her, mother?" and his voice was pleading.

She gave a slight movement of the head and he opened the door. In the further end of the room a girl was seated, the crimson covering of the chair lending whiteness to a face as white as the petals of the moonflower. Great, grey eyes beneath dark hair falling low around her face; a strong nose with chin and mouth holding the resolution of a man-of-arms and while the woman in the door stood as a statue the girl rose to her feet. The son passed his arm around her waist and led her forward.

"Mother," he said, a sob forcing its way unchecked in to the words, "this is my wife; won't you welcome her? Won't you let her take the place of the daughter who is gone?"

There was no answer; there could be none. Her daughter was dead, none could take her place. How dared anyone, no matter how dear, suggest such a thing? He drew the girl nearer, his hand went out and clasped his mother's, bringing them together.

"Mother," he pleaded, "this is my wife; is she not daughter, too?"

Deliberately the woman withdrew her hand from his, then she closed the door tightly, standing with her back against it. The trembling which had possessed her was all gone; it was as if the wind had tempered her to steel. For a moment the room was still, so still they might have counted each other's breathing until a whisper, low as the wind music of a forest pine, came from the girl.

"My mother, Harvey has told me so much about you I feel that you must have been my mother these many, many years. I love you, will you not love me just a little for Harvey's sake until you can love me for my own?"

The brown eyes of the woman were magnet strong to hold the grey ones of the girl and her voice, to him who listened was no voice; it was the resound of metal on the anvil smitten by the worker in iron.

"Did you not know Harvey had a mother before you became his wife?" The question had menace in it and a fear crept into the face of the girl as the response came, hesitatingly:

"Yes, but—I—we—"

"Very well; yesterday you refused that mother a vital confidence; tonight, you ask for her love."

Now the brown eyes were turned full upon the boy's. His never left her lips.

He was wondering, curiously wondering, how one could speak with lips drawn in a hard, straight line across the teeth, taking to themselves no form of the spoken word.

"Harvey, I have always said that no matter what you might do your mother would never desert you. It is as true tonight as yesterday, but now you have deserted me. You have deserted your father at a time when, of all others, you are most needed. You still have a mother but that mother has no son." She raised her hand until it pointed straight at the girl clinging to his arm.

"Your way lies there; mine,—God help me—your father and I walk alone now; whither, does not matter."

The hand fell until it rested upon the knob of the door. Quietly it was opened. "It is goodby forever," they heard her murmur as it closed behind her.

The next day she was lying in the bed her husband had occupied for so many weeks. He was standing beside her and with him were the two whom she had gone to meet the night before. Now again they were listening to what she might say.

"Oh, I am so cold, so cold. I cannot walk very much further. If I could only find Harvey he would help me. Harvey! Harvey!" She was pleading as the sea pleads for a rest which is forever denied. "Oh, he is lost in the darkness. My little one! I cannot see the water for this great cliff which bars my path, but the wind is moaning; the tide must be coming in. If I could lie down upon the sand and rest a moment then I might find him. Harvey, my boy, my only one."

Her arms went out as though to gather him up as she did that day upon the car track; for a moment she was still and then the pathetic wandering would begin all over again. Softly they turned away and going out stood before the grate whose warmth she had left for him the night before. Then the father spoke:

"When she left you last night the last car had gone. She walked all that long distance home in the storm and darkness. It was easier for you to send for her than to come home. Today, I sent for you that you might look upon your work. I hope the result pleases and now you may go. From now on as she told you last night we have no son."

The boy was standing leaning against the mantle, his head downcast. Never before within his memory had his mother been sick. He had grown to think she could not be other than always cheerful, bright and flitting from one duty to another as a bird flits from branch to blossom. Tears were shining in his eyes as he replied:

"Father, you are too hard; I didn't think—"

The rebuke was a lightning flash:

"You had no right not to think. Now, go; I must attend to my wife."

But the girl was standing before them, tall, straight and stern as Zenobia.

"Your father is right," she said. "You had no right to think. But you did think, only your thought was how surest to attain your desires, and you deceived me as well as your mother. You know that as well as I."

She turned swiftly from him and a hand went out in appealing gesture to the grey haired man. "Let me stay and help you. I am a nurse by profession and you have no one. As for Harvey," the glance she gave him held nothing but disdain, "he is not my husband: such a marriage is no marriage. When his mother forgives, then I have a right to claim him, he has a right to claim me. Now, let me alone; I will give her back to you and when that is done, I, too, will go away and trouble you no more."

Before either could speak she had disappeared within that room where

lay so much of misery. A half hour later when she came out Harvey had gone and the man's head was buried in his arms upon the table. For three weeks they were too busy to even wonder where he had gone, and then, one day, he came once more into the little sitting room. His face was haggard, white and hollow as his mother's; in his eyes the look of a criminal hunted to the death.

"Father," he begged, "will you not let me see her just a moment or else tell me how she is? I am starving for one word from her. Never before have I known what thinking means, but now I think, think, think, until life is nothing but an agony. I fall asleep from very weariness of thinking and then I keep on thinking in my dreams. I see her wandering on and on as she did in her talk here that morning, and I am always just a little ways ahead where she cannot see me. Let me look at her a moment and then I will go away."

Out from the sick room came the girl. A light shone in the grey eyes and a smile was in the corners of the weary mouth which in these weeks had forgotten the uses of a smile. She gave a searching look into the haggard face and read a story there which satisfied.

"Father," she said, "mother has awakened and seems stronger. She will not speak of it, but for days her eyes have been fixed upon this room and they have been growing hungrier and hungrier. Just now she heard Harvey's voice and the look upon her face is simply awful in its pain. If you are willing, I think, I believe—"

For an instant his hand rested carelessly upon the shoulder of the girl and then he answered:

"If she can forgive, wants to see him, I have nothing to say. He sinned against her far more than me."

The girl crossed the room and took the boy by the hand. "Come." The word sounded like a benediction and he followed as though to enter the presence of the dead.

She re-entered the sick room, the boy but a step behind. She saw the white face upon the pillow transformed; had the wing of an angel touched there in passing it could not more quickly have lost its pain; she saw the boy, staggering, groping his way to the bedside he could not see for tears, fall down upon his knees.

"Mother, my mother," he whispered between sobs, "I have no right, no right at all to ask, but will you kiss me as, you used to do? I am starving starving for my mother's love."

A thin hand reached out to caress the repentant head and the girl, with a face from which the weariness had all faded, went softly out and closed the door.

A Southerner in the West

J. M. Dimick

Salt Lake City

WHAT a lovely spot is Salt Lake City, compassed about on the North and East by its girdle of blue mountains, and that smiling valley stretching many miles on the South and West.

It is said that Brigham Young traveled over our entire country in search of a place which resembled the "Holy City," and found his ideal in the location of this Western town. The streets are broad and shaded by large trees, and green lawns with patches of bright flowers make a pretty setting for the very attractive homes.

One can scarcely realize that a little more than sixty years ago, the site of this splendid city was a dreary sage grown desert. Although we oppose the Mormon religion, we "Gentiles" are forced to admire the courage with which Brigham Young and his followers faced the relentless hardships of life in this desolate country and transformed the desert into a mighty empire. They built cities, planted farms, constructed railroads, gave to the country irrigation, and laid the first telegraph line west of the Rocky Mountains. After turning their backs on Nauvoo, Ill., where, they claim the first "Prophet of Mormonism," Joseph Smith, was assassinated, they made the long journey of more than two thousand miles across the country and reached the place on which stands beautiful Salt Lake City, in 1847.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we were told that one of Brigham Young's wives would give an informal reception and would be glad to welcome tourists and perhaps speak a word to them on the subject of Mormonism. Some of our young people availed themselves of seeing and hearing one so close to the greatest of his faith. I did not care to shake hands with any woman who permitted her husband to have more than one wife. If, however, this entertainment had been given by Amelia, favorite consort of the Apostle, I dare say curiosity would have gained ascendancy over my aversion to Mormon principles. Amelia Folsom was Mrs. Grover Cleveland's cousin and, I am told, turned her back on bright prospects of a happy "ordinary life" to become the queen of Brigham Young's "Bee Hive." He built for her a handsome residence which stands opposite the long narrow apartments occupied by his other wives.

The tabernacle is a huge building which has the appearance of a ship's hull inverted. It is supported by many sand-stone pillars, and seats from 8,000 to 10,000 people. Here services are held quite often and the building is constantly open to visitors. I was told the Mormons manufactured or hauled from the mountain forests all the material of which the tabernacle was built and that nails were not used in the construction of this, nor in the building of their gorgeous temple.

We attended service at the tabernacle one evening. I never heard grander music, there are hundreds of voices in the choir, and as the "Hallelujah Chorus" came rolling from this vast multitude, one felt as if angel voices were indeed rejoicing over the work of Redemption. Then followed what was called a sermon. As the speaker closed his discourse, a man, who sat near me remarked, "You don't hear the gospel preached like that, at home, do you? I mean *straight* like that?" "It depends on one's point of view," I returned, "but it seems a bit straighter to me." He endeavored to convince me his preacher could teach men the only

right way to Heaven, then drifted into a discussion of Mormonism and seemed surprised when I remarked, "In my native State a man has his hands full—often too full, in trying to manage one wife and support one family." Just here this disciple of Brigham Young announced his firm belief that it was easier to provide for a dozen, and I at once concluded the women must be their own bread-winners, and in some cases supported their families also. "But the good old days are gone," continued Mr. Mormon, with a sigh, "for the government has taken away our liberty. " I came near substituting the word *wives* for "liberty." "However, some of our people contrive to dodge Uncle Sam." This was said with a chuckle and I knew the thought gave him genuine pleasure.

Some time ago, when I was in Washington, D. C. I met a lady who lived a number of years in Salt Lake City, and had many warm friends among those people. On one occasion she asked a charming young woman, "Mrs. ———, do you not long for the constant companionship of your husband? I should think his absence would be a great trial to you. Do you not feel the need of his sharing the management of your household and the responsibility of rearing your children?"

"Please do not talk to me about having a man forever hanging around my house," was the reply. "I could never accomplish anything, never. I adore my husband, and he is devoted to me, and when it pleases him to visit my house, he is treated as an honored guest, everything is done for his comfort and entertainment, but when the time for his departure arrives, I do not urge him to remain, for you know I am a very busy woman."

The temple is situated in one of the most beautiful parks in Salt Lake City, and embodies to the Mormons all that is most sacred in their religion. Strangers are not allowed to enter here and it is used by the faithful only for marriage ceremonies and funeral rites. I think, that last spring, when two steeplejacks were admitted to repair the spire of this temple it was for the first time "profaned" by the presence of Gentiles. This magnificent granite edifice cost $4,000,000, and the Latter Day Saints were at work on it forty years ago. The central tower is 210 feet high, the temple measures 186 feet in length and is 90 feet wide.

We made a brief visit to the barracks where a number of United States soldiers are stationed ready for service at a moments notice, and enjoyed the bright sallies of these sons of Mars who fain would have us believe a glimpse of people from the "East" made them ill with homesickness.

I now come to the Great Salt Lake, which is several miles from the city. In recent years its waters have receded, leaving great beds of crystal salt. My practical friends will be pleased to know salt is mined throughout this region and shipped in large quantities to various parts of our country.

My memory of the lake is like a heavenly dream. So many tourists waste their precious moments bathing in its sapphire waters. I passed by these merry nymphs and went to the opposite side of the huge building which was ornamented with palms and growing flowers. From a hidden orchestra came floating out on the quiet air the sweet strains of "Traumerie." The sun-kissed waters sparkled like millions of precious jewels and the snow covered mountains beyond stretched like a brilliant panorama as far as the eye could reach. I sat thrilled, feasting my soul on this loveliness for hours.

Notwithstanding this bright picture and many others which I treasure in my heart of scenes in this wonderful country, there ever comes to me a feeling of sadness with thoughts of Salt Lake City.

Roman Catholic Designs on the American Nation

J. M. Pritchett

IF any liberty-loving, free-thinking American doubts as to what the Church of Rome would do to our glorious Republic, should she ever make good her promise to the present Pope—that is, to "Capture America for the church in this generation," let him familiarize himself with the condition of this priest-ridden Province of Quebec and City of Montréal, where the sway of the church is supreme; I used to think that conditions were horrible enough in some of our larger cities in the States, where our civil liberty and right of ballot was prostituted by concentration of the Roman Catholic vote, which held the balance of power, and made cowards of our Protestant public men.

But I find that state of affairs is a mere bagatelle to what they do in this Province, where they have all power. For even in our Roman Catholic subverted cities of the States, we do have some semblance of law and order. But here it is practically impossible to get civil justice in a court of law in any case in which the interests of the Roman Catholic church are involved. I could name innumerable cases to prove this assertion, did space permit, but perhaps one or two recent instances will suffice.

There is a certain French Lodge of Masons (La Logue Emancipation) in this city, toward which the church has been particularly bitter in her hatred and persecution. Now, it seems that there were certain papers belonging to this lodge (the minutes, and so forth) that the church wanted to gain possession of. It had only to be whispered that such was the case, when a number of her faithful sons took it upon themselves to get those papers, even if a murder had to be done to accomplish it. They waylaid a prominent member of the lodge, and at the point of revolvers, in the streets of this city, robbed him of his wallet containing the papers, and so forth. Everything except the papers were returned to him.

Recognizing the leader, arrest and prosecution was instituted by the injured man, there was practically no defense, the prisoner frankly admitting that he did it in the interest of his holy (?) church, and, if necessary, was prepared to go to even greater extremes. I will do the judge justice, for he did charge the jury to find a verdict of guilty, all to no avail, for the Roman Catholic jury immediately brought in a verdict of acquittal. I know this is almost beyond belief, but nevertheless it is perfectly true, as can easily be verified by the public press of this city, and by other means.

The archbishop of this diocese has as much power in his domain as the Czar of Russia. He can close theaters, control the city council, and, in fact, can come very near to doing just as he pleases. It is perfectly heart-rending to see this beautiful Province and this great city throttled and retarded by this anaconda of Rome.

Last summer they had their eucharistic congress here, and I saw probably seventy-five thousand apparently intelligent people follow, in parade, the Pope's emissary, who carried the "Host," in which was the actual body of Jesus in the form of a wafer, so he told those poor slaves, and so they believed.

The great majority of our American people do not realize the menace and

danger the Roman Catholic Church is to our country and the whole world; for once they dominate America they say, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine." They do not realize it, on account of the stealth and secrecy with which she works. The leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, the priests, the Paulist fathers, and so forth, and the Jesuits are among the most talented and best educated men on earth. This not only makes them the more dangerous; but what especially makes them a menace, is the fact that one and all think they can commit no sin where the interests of the church are at stake and to be forwarded. They throttled the world and men's reason for nigh on two thousand years, and they know full well that the only way they can hold their power is through superstition and ignorance, and therefore they are an enemy to all progress, liberty of thought and enlightenment. And now that the human race is beginning to lift its head from the slough of despond and ignorance and superstition (where this harlot that sits on the seven hills at Rome has kept it for nearly twenty centuries), and is beginning to look timidly up and hope and think for itself, this juggernaut and enemy to all human progress realizes now is the crucial moment, and she has marshaled her cohorts to regain her sway at all costs.

I honestly consider the Roman Catholic Church the greatest menace to progress and enlightenment in the civilized world today. She hates and always has hated America for the liberty and enlightenment for which she has stood. And so the edict has gone forth, "Capture America at all costs." The first idea is to gain political control. Once this is accomplished, all the rest is easy. We have only to look at some of our large cities to see how well they are succeeding.

France, Spain, Portugal, and, to a certain extent, Italy, are driving out the priests, monks, nuns and Jesuits; and ninety-five per cent of those, steeped in bigotry and fanaticism are flocking to our fair shores. Yes, the edict has gone forth, and only the God of Nations can foretell the end, for the majority of Americans are complacently sitting down and making no effort to combat the evil, while the enemy is working as she never worked before; and the fact of her doing so in secret makes it the more insidious and dangerous. The Jesuits are the militant and most fanatical arm of the church, and for that reason the most dangerous.

I do not claim that there are no Roman Catholics who love their country—our great Republic; God forbid. But I do claim that any man who allows himself to become a slave to the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church will find it incompatible and even impossible for him to remain a true American. For the very moment he vows to obey the church, he then and there transfers his allegiance to a foreign potentate, the Pope of Rome. England understands this thoroughly in her dealings with Ireland. And yet in the past Protestant America has wasted a good deal of maudlin sympathy over the Emerald Isle.

The following case may also be of interest to your readers:

Two Roman Catholics, through some force of circumstances, had been married by a Protestant minister. Now, after several years of married life, they are called up before the officials of the Roman Church here, and the marraige is declared null and void. And this in spite of British civil law which does recognize such a marriage. The children in this case were declared illegitimate. This is a recent case, and it has started so much indignation among Protestants that recently it was denounced by a prominent

bishop of the Church of England, in the Episcopal Cathedral, and a movement was set on foot, with the object of carrying the case on appeal, to the Privy Council. It now appears, however, that both parties agreed to the annulment of the marriage. But that in no way lessens the high-handedness of the procedure. The point is, not so much whether a Protestant clergyman has or has not the right to marry two Roman Catholics, but, as a leading jurist here aptly puts it, whether or not the Roman Church has the right and power to establish itself a court, and summon the parties before it for the court to pronounce judgment, as was done in this case. Thus is church dominating State with a vengeance.

These are a few of the things Uncle Sam will have to put up with should the Roman clergy, Jesuits, and so forth, make good their promise to the Pope, to "Capture America for the church." Let no man think these are the expressions of an ultra alarmist. Unfortunately they are only too true. It is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, that to every country that has ever been dominated by the Roman Church one of two things has come to pass—that nation, after sweating blood, as it were, either threw off the yoke of the church, or else degenerated into a fourth-rate power.

Roman Catholics are ever ready, with a maytyr-like attitude to cry "prejudice," "bigotry," "persecution," and so forth, whenever a just criticism or exposure of their methods is made. Whereas the simple truth is, that out of all the different religious sects or creeds of Christianity existent in the world today, Romanism is the only one that is really a menace to the race, and for this simple reason, that it makes the church dominate the State, wherever they have the power to enforce it, thereby practically annulling civil law and destroying personal liberty. This cannot be denied, and yet we are calmly sitting still and allowing this canker to eat at the very heart of our nation, the nation that our forefathers left Europe to found, in order that they and their descendants might have religious and civil liberty.

Let your glance wander toward Washington, and see how many of the very highest positions in the land are held by Romanists, and ask yourselves how long it will be before we have a President, even, who will pay his allegiance to Rome. It is the boast of the Roman Church that she never changes, that she is the same today as she was when the keys of heaven and hell and all power and authority were conferred on St. Peter (as she would have us believe). "The world may progress, but we are the same." This is what makes her a menace. She does not want progress, positively refuses enlightenment. Every other sect is willing to make concessions to science, to broaden and expand, as civilization advances; but not so with Rome. She is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And since she takes unto herself infallibility, therefore all outside her fold is heretic, to be dominated, conquered, and we only have to look back upon her past record, to learn what she would do should she ever regain her sway as mistress of the world. She does not dare to allow enlightenment among the rank and file of her own people. And that is why so many good, honest souls are unaware of the history, the methods, and motives of the oligarchy, which they are taught to believe is the only true church of God. Truly "knowledge is power," and in this case the heads of the church realize it, and by withholding it from their members, retain them as slaves, afraid even to think for themselves, at least in matters religious.

What high-minded lady would allow a bachelor priest, by auricular confession, to tear asunder the veil of femi-

nine modesty (woven around every woman's heart, by the Infinite Spirit, and which no man, with the possible exception of her husband, has any right to dare to penetrate), unless her reason has been perverted and her soul steeped in the superstition that a man could forgive her sins, but would only do so after he had peered into every inmost secret recess of her heart? How many noble women continually suffer excruciating torture, ere they can bring themselves thus to allow a man to lay bare the most sacred precincts of their souls! The sacred veil of modesty was divinely given to every woman, and no man has the right to lift it. And yet the Catholic Church claims it for her bachelor priests as by divine command. And well does she know its power. Take from her auricular confession, and Roman Catholicism would soon fade into a troubled memory. If any one doubts as to the obscene questions asked by Catholic priests to their female penitents let him refer to the books of instruction to priest on this subject by the Catholic authorities, that is, Dens, Ligouri, and so forth. The instructions and sample questions are all written in Latin, and are positively obscene beyond belief; too much so to be translated into English. And yet these are the questions the priests are commanded to ask women during confession. And that is what she is striving to plant, as she never did before, and that is what she will plant, deep in the heart of the American nation, to grow and spread until too late to uproot it, if she makes good her pledge to her Pontiff to capture America for the church.

Since writing the above I have just read of a parallel case (to the one I mentioned above), happening in New York State, where the contracting parties were married by a Protestant minister, and the marriage later was dissolved by the Roman Catholic Church, and decision was sustained by a Roman Catholic judge. It only confirms what I have written—yes, the danger is real and among us, and if the American people do not awake to a realization of it, and take steps to combat it, then the result be upon their own heads. Look how the Catholics refuse to send their children to our public schools, and yet have the audacity to ask the government to support their parochial schools, which are simply training camps for Popish perversion of the coming generation. If you want to strike at the very heart of a nation, then corrupt her youth. The Jesuit boasts, "Give me a child until he is ten years of age, and the world may have him afterward. For, in that time, I will have planted the seeds of Roman Catholicism so deep in his soul, that it will be almost impossible to change him." And we know this is true. Yes, the danger is only too real, and the next decade will tell the tale. The only thing that makes some of us hope, is the knowledge that in the end truth and right must prevail.

Girty, The White Indian

A Study in Early Western History

Geo. W. Ranck

THOUGH Simon Girty was one of the most unique and lurid characters that ever figured in the annals of the West; though the part he played among the Indian tribes was frequently important and sometimes conspicuous, and though his life was a tragic romance from the cradle to the grave, yet all that was known of him for more than a hundred years from the time that he first made himself feared and hated was comprised in a few widely scattered fragments written entirely by his enemies and disfigured by errors and inconsistencies. Probably no minor personage in American history who has received as little attention as Girty has had more written of him in ignorance or been the subject of so many wild and conflicting statements. Even as late as 1883, a book, with an indorsing preface by a distinguished historian, was published, which gave as facts the fairy tales about Girty which, strange to say, have been accepted as authentic down to the present time. These very circumstances made the life of Girty attractive to the writer as an historical study, and interested him in an effort to draw out and straighten the thread of truth that has so long been knotted in this tangled skein.

The eventful story of the White Indian, which is here attempted for the first time, is mainly drawn from original sources, and needs neither the intense colorings of prejudice nor the embellishments of fancy to make it entertaining.

Simon Girty was born in 1744 at the then little backwoods settlement of Paxton, in the colony of Pennsylvania, and not far from the site of the present city of Harrisburg. His father, "old Girty of Paxtang," as he was irreverently called, a lawless, intemperate Irishman, immigrated to the colony about the year 1740, adopted the congenial pursuit of pack-horse driver in the Indian trade, married one Mary Newton, and made his home for a number of years at "Paxtang." Finding it profitable to exchange red paint, glass beads and bad whiskey for valuable furs and skins, he became a trader himself and fell into the clutches of the law as an unlicensed trafficker, and later on, in 1750, got himself into the same predicament again for appropriating certain unpurchased Indian lands on Sherman Creek, in the present Perry County, Pennsylvania. This last venture did not increase his popularity with the red men, and shortly after it he was killed by an Indian named "The Fish" near his home on the Susquehanna, and not far from the land he had attempted to borrow. There is no doubt that "old Girty of Paxtang" was more of a sot than a saint, and that fact certainly did not increase his wife's affection for him, but the dramatic episode of her fall, and the assertion oft-repeated and now so ancient that her husband was slain by her paramour turns out to be a pure fabrication. Surely the life of Mary Girty was wretched enough and the story of the family sufficiently tragic without the sombre addition of such an infamy. The widow of the murdered man was left to battle with poverty and privations, and her four little sons, Simon, James, George and Thomas, looked helplessly out upon an unfriendly world with no inheritance but a love of liquor, with no memories

but bitter ones, and with a future overshadowed by a relentless fate.

About the year 1755, just in time to share the sufferings and horrors of the French and Indian war, the widow Girty married John Turner, who was then living on the Juniata, not far from the protecting walls of Fort Granville, near the present Lewiston, and there at his rude cabin and clearing, for a brief season, did the unfortunate family have such scant happiness as the war and a howling wilderness afforded. But more misery was impending. In the summer of 1756, not a year and a half after Mrs. Turner's marriage, and while she was rejoicing in the smiles and dimples of an infant son, the danger signal was suddenly heard and the family barely had time to rush into Fort Granville when it was attacked by a large number of French and Indians, who had evidently heard of the absence of the commandant of the fort, who had left it with all his men but a handful under Lieutenant Armstrong to guard some reapers in Sherman's valley. The fort was fired, Armstrong and one man had been killed, several others wounded and destruction was imminent, when the enemy offered quarter to the beseiged if they would surrender, and John Turner, too desperate to wait for a formal acceptance of the offer, threw open the gates. Savage mercy folfollowed. The fort was given up to the flames and the prisoners, already worn out, were driven by forced marches to Kittanning, an Indian town on the Alleghany, where Mary Newton became a widow for a second time and the climax of her sufferings was reached. The whole village turned out with whoops and yells of rejoicing to meet the victors, and the few grown male prisoners who had not already been tomahawked were summarily disposed of. John Turner was consigned to the stake before the eyes of his agonized family, and the carousing savages amused themselves by boring holes through his flesh with red-hot gun-barrels. Finally, when flames and torture had nearly done their work, the dying man was tomahawked by a little Indian boy who was lifted up in the arms of his admiring father for the purpose. If we will just here recall the fact that the Christian government of Pennsylvania was at this very date offering rewards in cash for the scalps of Indian men, women and children, we may form some idea of the spirt which prevailed during this desperate and vengeful struggle.

During this festive halt at Kittanning the surviving captives were parceled out among the representatives of the different tribes engaged in the expedition. Thomas and George Girty were assigned to the Delawares; Simon to the Senecas, and James Girty, his mother and her infant son John Turner were delivered over to the Shawanese. On the 8th of the following September, when Colonel Armstrong attacked and destroyed Kittanning, he recaptured Thomas Girty, who thus escaped the savage education in store for his brothers. He found a home near Fort Pitt, the site of the present Pittsburg, where he resided ever after, and gave his name to Girty's Run in the same neighborhood. The fate of his singularly unfortunate mother has given rise to many romantic but conflicting traditions, and is still involved in obscurity. There is nothing to show that she ever escaped from the clutches of the dusky demons who must have seemed to her as special agents to work out the family doom. Her baby, the little John Turner, to whom she clung so frantically through many a heart-rending scene, remained for years among the slayers of his father; but though longer in captivity than any of his family, he seems to have been the least affected by savage life, and, strange to say, when at last released he sought out his brother Thomas and

lived with the whites to the end of his day.

Unheard of for years, the other captive brothers roamed, with their adopted tribes, the great North-western wilderness, and day by day their savage guardians sought to destroy within them every feeling and instinct of race and civilization. The Girty blood was naturally wild and lawless, and they succeeded only too well. In 1764, at the close of Pontiac's war, the able and gallant Bouquet of the British army accomplished that wholesale rescue of prisoners from the Indians so eloquently portrayed in the noted painting of Benjamin West, and the three Girty brothers were among the number. But they had now become indifferent to deliverance. They returned with Bouquet to Fort Pitt, but they returned with souls imbued with savage feelings and with natures perverted by savage education. They had been taught to love the destroyers of their parents, and charmed with the wild, free life of the forest and the prairie, they hated to their dying day the restraints and artificial habits of white society. It is even said that they returned to their tribes, but that the Indians were again compelled to give them up. They were for a time apparently weaned away from their adopted brethren, but they never even then fought against them, were always at ease in their company, and, as will be seen later on, ultimately took up the savage life again. Much of their time after their rescue was spent about Fort Pitt, and the then wild and wooded locality in that vicinity, which later received the name of Squirrel Hill, seems to have been one of their favorite haunts. It was there that their more fortunate brother Thomas and their long absent half-brother John Turner settled, and the early history of the hill teems with highly entertaining but confused and unreliable legends of the family.

The three white savages followed in a desultory way the pursuits which harmonized most with their restless and unsettled dispositions. James and George pursued for a while their father's old business of trading with the Indians, while Simon made a reputation as scout and interpreter. It was in this last capacity that he descended the Ohio with Lord Dunmore in 1774, during the Cresap war, and assisted the Governor at the treaty interview at Camp Charlotte with that great-souled and magnificent Indian, Cornstalk, a fact which contradicts the wonderful and too thrilling story of his rage and treachery just before the battle of Point Pleasant. It was while he was with Dunmore that he became the friend and comrade of Simon Kenton, and made the acquaintance of Boone, Clark, Harrod and others who took part in the expedition and afterward figured in early Kentucky history. It was about this time, while the glowing spark of the American Revolution was being blindly fanned into a blaze, that Simon Girty fell under the malign influence of Conally, the Troy commandant of Fort Pitt, who finally brought down upon the unfortunate man the crowning curse of his already perverted life. The wily and talented commandant, deep in his plot to secure the Indians to the English, sweep the frontier settlements from existence, and decide the fortunes of the West in favor of the crown, was corrupting every man corruptible about the fort. Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliott, both of whom were destined to achieve an infamous notoriety, had not only themselves succumbed already to the power of British gold but were busy helping to seduce Girty also, and it is probable that the lieutenant's commission in the Virginia militia which was given him by Conally only a few weeks before the battle of Lexington, was presented with a view to secure him as a henchman. But the plot was

discovered, Conally was arrested, the militia reorganized, and the tempted Girty relegated to his former and less brilliant position of interpreter. He was employed in that capacity during the most of 1776 by the Indian agent Colonel George Morgan, but he was restless and dissatisfied, and his conduct was such that he was discharged by his employer, "for ill behavior," in August of that year. It has been asserted by various authors that Girty was busy this year—1776—assisting the Indians against the Americans, and Abbott and Perkins both make him the leader of the savage attack on Fort Henry in the fall of 1777, when the Elizabeth Zane incident is said to have occurred, but both statements, though elaborated in a highly entertaining way, are utterly without foundation. He was still at Fort Pitt at the times mentioned, but in no very amiable mood. Corrupted by Conally, disappointed in his military hopes, sore over his discharge, and too much of an Indian to be moved by the feelings and principles then stirring the patriotic garrison, but little was needed to induce him to cast his lot with the people of his adoption and their powerful employers.

Early in 1778, while the American General Hand was commanding at Fort Pitt, where Girty was once more acting as interpreter, it became plainly evident to all its inmates that the fiercest of the North-western tribes had united against the Americans and that the whole frontier would be involved in savage warfare. All the Indian in Girty impelled him to side with the dusky companions of his forest life, and when at this dangerous crisis he was again approached with specious arguments and seductive promises by Elliot and McKee, who had been for months in the secret pay of the British commander at Detroit, the untaught creature, with the face of a white man and the heart of an Indian, and with no feeling of loyalty to any flag either English or American, threw in his lot with the savages and their allies. On the night of the 28th of March, 1778, three or four years later than some writers claim, this now notorious trio together with seven soldiers fled from the long familiar walls of Fort Pitt and severed their connection with their country forever. The date of their departure and the attendant circumstances are established beyond question by the official records of Major Isaac Craig, now in the hands of his grandson the accurate and accomplished Isaac Craig, Esq., of Alleghany, Pennsylvania. Major Craig, in command of artillery, was ordered to Fort Pitt during the Revolution and remained there until the close of the war. Girty soon put in an appearance at Detroit, where he was warmly welcomed by the English commandant Hamilton, whom that great soldier, Clarke, stigmatized as "the hair-buyer general." Girty's skill as a woodsman and scout, his knowledge of the Indian languages, his proficiency in all the savage arts, but above all his influence with his dusky kinsmen, made him exceedingly valuable to the English, who needed his services in advancing their interests among the North-western tribes. A few weeks before Simon's flight his brother James had been sent from Fort Pitt with presents and mollifying messages to the Shawnees, who were boiling over with righteous wrath at the cowardly murder of Cornstalk and his son. He heard the news of Simon's flight while on this mission, renewed at once his kinship with his ancient tribe and returned to Fort Pitt no more. The following year his brother George, the only one of the three regularly enlisted in the Continental army, renewed for life his connection with the people of his choice. Simon, or "Katepacomen," as the Indians called him, now allied himself with the Wyandots, "the bravest of the tribes,"

with whom he was more or less identified until the day of his death. They had known him ever since his childhood, and they received him now as an adopted Indian, and he soon became one of their most trusted and efficient leaders, a fact which of itself did no little toward making his voice so potent in the councils of the Northwestern tribes. Much of his time during the Revolution was spent within the present boundary of the State of Ohio, his favorite haunt being the Wyandotte town of Upper Sandusky, which was located about four miles north-east of the Upper Sandusky of today. Here the British paid their savage allies of the West their annuities, and here Girty helped to plan and direct many of the blows that were aimed at the frontier settlements.

It was while Girty was in the Ohio country, and in the fall of the same year that he fled from Fort Pitt, that the most creditable act of his life took place. The Indians who were then constantly on the war-path brought home many captives, and among them the redoubtable Simon Kenton, whom they had taken to Wapakoneta and had already doomed to the stake, when he was recognized by Girty with astonishment and delight as his old comrade of the Dunmore expedition. At once and at the risk of destroying both his standing and influence among his inflamed and suspicious people, Girty exerted himself to the utmost to save him, and at length, after the most earnest and impassioned speeches, the power of which is attested by the effect it had upon a crowded council of prejudiced and revengeful savages, he succeeded, and taking the rejoicing Kenton to his own cabin, he fed him, clothed him and dressed his neglected wounds. White Indian as he was and renegade, if such he can strictly be called, he exhibited on this occasion at least a generosity and nobility of soul which would have done credit to a more enlightened and more civilized character. The British, however, soon made use of him to perpetrate acts the very reverse of this one, and not very long after the Kenton incident he made his first appearance in the character of an emissary among the Moravian Indians with his evil advisers Elliott and McKee, and with them sought to instigate that peaceful community to join in the war against the Americans. He is first heard of in a militray capacity in January, 1779, when as the leader of a band of savages he attacked and defeated a party of Continental soldiers under Captain John Clarke not far from his old familiar haunt, Fort Pitt. The following summer, when Colonel Bowman was engaged in his attack on old Chillicothe, Girty was back in Ohio, and the report that he was advancing with a hundred warriors to the relief of that place may have had something to do with Bowman's strange and sudden order for the retreat of the expedition.

The Girty brothers accompanied Colonel Byrd when he invaded Kentucky in 1780, and it was when the force was returning to the Indian country that one of its detachments, commanded, it is alleged, by Simon Girty, defeated Colonel David Rogers at the mouth of the Licking as he was conveying a load of ammunition up the Ohio for the Americans at Fort Pitt. This victory, though not remarkable for the number of men concerned, was one of the most complete and crushing of the minor engagements of the struggle, and must have convinced the Indians that their white brother was a brave of more than ordinary military capacity, for when Clarke retaliated on the Pickaway towns immediately after Byrd's unexplained retreat, Girty was given no insignificant part in the conflict, though it is claimed that on one occasion the reckless bravery of the Kentuckians caused him to draw off his savages with the remark that "it

was useless to fight fools and madmen." George Girty, the only one of the Girty brothers who, contrary to the popular impression, ever actually deserted from the American army, was duly heard from in the summer of 1781. General Irvine, then in command of Fort Pitt, records the fact that a band of Indians under this loyal savage and the noted Brandt attacked on the 24th of August and below the mouth of the Great Miami a force of volunteers on their way to join Clarke, and killed or captured every man in the expedition.

Both the date and the facts of the second demonstration against Fort Henry, which occurred very early in September, 1781, have been badly mixed by different writers, but it is quite evident that the Girtys participated in the siege, which failed through timely notice given the settlers by the Moravian missionaries—a fact which caused the disappointed Wyandots to turn 'round upon the buffeted and badgered Christian Indians, located about the site of the present Coshocton on the Muskingum, and break up their settlements. Girty took part in the brutality of his tribe, and though according to Heckewelder, a most authentic witness, "Elliott was the principal instigator of their sufferings," Girty also made himself conspicuous as a raging persecutor of the missionaries and their unresisting converts. His outrageous conduct at this time is attributed to drink—an overwhelming inherited passion. "No Indian we ever saw drunk," says Heckewelder, "would have been a match for him." But at this stage of the game in the West there was but little choice between the mercy of an Indian and the compassion of a white man, and deeds of cruelty were not confined to one side only. The spring of 1782, the last year of the Revolution, had barely come when Captain David Williamson and a party of American frontiersmen, as if bent upon surpassing the inhumanity of Girty and the Wyandots, also pounced down upon the defenceless Moravian Indians and murdered in the most cowardly and cold-blooded manner about a hundred of their men, women and children. The victims were deliberately slaughtered like so many unresisting cattle, their bodies burned in one of their own churches, and their property carried off to the settlements. It was a deed as infamous as any ever committed by the fanatical Sepoy or "the unutterable Turk," and was doubly atrocious from the fact that the murdered people had befriended the Americans. The Indians, though they felt free themselves to worry and abuse this little band of their own people, resented this massacre as a deadly insult and outrage upon their whole race. They never forgot it, they never forgave it, and there was no mercy in store for any man who had part or lot in the matter. Howe, in his *Historical Collections*, says that even at late as eight years after the affair a settler captured near Wheeling was killed by the Indians for having been concerned in that awful crime. About the same time that Williamson murdered the Moravians, occurred the celebrated defeat of Estill by the Wyandots, two events that aroused the worst passions of both sides to the highest pitch. The settlers proceeded at once to organize the ill-fated expedition of Crawford, with the declared intention of exterminating the Wyandots and Delawares of the Sandusky root and branch. No quarter was to be asked or given, no prisoners were to be taken, every Indian, be he friend or foe, was to die. The savages heard of this determination and met it with a resolution as merciless at is was inflexible. The tragic story of the Crawford expedition is well known. In June, 1782, with the murderer Williamson second in command and accompanied by a number of others who had participated

in the Moravian massacre, he marched upon the Sandusky towns, failed disastrously, and fell with many of his troops into the hands of the Indians, whose hearts were burning with ferocity and the thirst for vengeance. The guilty Williamson, who so well merited death, unfortunately escaped, but Crawford was doomed. He was burned at the stake, on the 11th of June, near Upper Sandusky, in the present Wyandot County, Ohio, after prolonged and horrible sufferings from all the tortures that savage ingenuity could invent. Simon Girty, who had been a prominent leader in the conflict, and who witnessed this terrible scene, had known Crawford during the Dunmore war; had often enjoyed his hospitality, and, tradition says, had even formed a romantic attachment for his daughter. It is therefore easy to believe that the blackest thing that has ever been alleged against him is that he not only did not save the tortured and slowly-dying colonel, but answered him with a mocking laugh when he begged him to shoot him and relieve him of his agony. It is said that even the devil is not as black as he is painted, and it is possible that the same may be said of Girty. Exactly how far his savage and perverted nature carried him on this occasion will never probably be accurately known, but the commonest principles of justice require that some things that are known should be stated. It should be remembered right at the beginning that Crawford was a prisoner of the Delawares, and that they only could therefore decide his fate; and that he was burnt at a Delaware town and in retaliation for an outrage upon the Delawares, for the Moravians were of that tribe. The statement printed time and again that the ill-fated colonel was burnt by Girty's tribe, the Wyandots, betrays a gross ignorance, both of the transaction itself, and of the customs peculiar to the different tribes of that day. The writer was not surprised therefore that a Canadian descendant of Wyandot Indians, with whom he corresponded, should energetically protest that his ancestral tribe did not at that time, if ever, burn prisoners of war. Regarded simply from a tribal stand-point, Girty had no authority whatever to release Crawford. As to the influence which he might have exerted in favor of the condemned man, that is another matter, for he was certainly a person of no little power and importance among the Indians at that time. Dr. Knight, who was captured with Crawford and witnessed his tortures, and who has long been accepted as a most reliable authority on this subject, while he says that Girty refused the prayer of the tortured man to shoot him and "by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene," does not make him in any way an assistant at it. On the contrary, he even asserts that Crawford said to him: "Girty has promised to do all in his power for me, but the Indians are very much inflamed against us." An examination of the principal authorities on this subject will convince any unprejudiced person that Girty was true to his promise to Crawford, but that he was uterly powerless to save him. Heckewelder, who certainly had not one spark of love for Girty, and whose testimony is unimpeachable, says of Crawford: "It was not in the power of any man, or even body of men, to save his life." Wingemund, a Delaware chief, when appealed to by Crawford, replied: "If Williamson had been taken you might have been saved, but, as it is, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf; the King of England, if he were to come in person, could not save you; we have to learn barbarities from you white people." (See Howe, 547.) If the statements of the savage but brave and manly Wyandots are to be believed, Girty did not forget the sacred obligations of accepted hospi-

tality, but remebered old ties in Crawford's case as he did in Kenton's. McCutchen, who claims to have obtained his information from Wyandots, says, in the *American Pioneer*, that Girty tried to save Crawford at the only time when it was possible to do it, viz., the night before his capture. That he went to him in Indian dress, and, under a flag of truce, warned him that he would be surrounded that night, and told him how he might escape; that Crawford tried to act on his advice, but that his men were too much demoralized to carry out the plan. After saying this, McCutcheon strangely adds that afterward, as a matter of speculation, Girty offered the Delaware war-chief, Pipe, three hundred and fifty dollars for Crawford, but was himself threatened with the stake for his interference; that he was afraid after that to show the sympathy he felt for the doomed man, but sent runners, however, to Lower Sandusky, to traders there, to hasten to buy Crawford, but that he was fatally burned by the time they arrived. The latest contribution to this subject is from the venerable Mrs. McCormick, of Pelee Island, now in her ninety-sixth year, and it is doubly interesting from the fact that she was not only personally acquainted with Simon Girty, but received her information directly from her mother-in-law, who was captured by the Ohio Indians when she was about grown, and was at the Delaware town when Crawford was burnt. Mrs. McCormick kindly sent the writer the following statement, often repeated to her by her mother-in-law, in recounting the incidents of her captivity. She says: "I have often heard my mother-in-law speak of Simon Girty. She both saw and heard him interceding with the Indian chief for the life of Colonel Crawford, and he offered the chief a beautiful horse which he had with him, and the stock of goods he then had on hand, if he would release him, but the chief said 'No. If you were to stand in his place it would not save him.' She also went to see Colonel Crawford, and talked with him, and he told her that Girty had done all he could to save his life." This was no Kenton case. Crawford had invaded the Indian country with the declared intention of granting no quarter, and, what was even worse in the eyes of the infuriated savages, his intimate associate and right-hand man was the guilty Williamson. Crawford was burnt by the Delawares in retaliation for the wanton and cowardly massacre of their Moravian kindred, and there was no hope for him from the moment of his capture. Authorities differ as to the motives which actuated Girty's conduct toward Crawford, but close inquiry renders positive the declaration that Girty was not only powerless to save him, but that he would have endangered his own life if he had persisted in an open effort to do so.

It was during the days immediately following Crawford's defeat that James and George Girty so greatly increased their unsavory reputations by their brutal treatment of Slover and other captives, and more than one writer expresses the opinion that much of the odium now resting upon Simon Girty is due to the fact that many of the cruel acts of these brothers were either ignorantly or intentionally placed to his credit. The power of circumstances and education to affect the lives and conduct of men is here strikingly exemplified. Thomas Girty, reared among patriotic and civilizing influences, was now one of the respected and substantial citizens of Pittsburg (Fort Pitt), and at the very time his three Indian brothers were joining in the war-hoop of the braves as they gathered for the destruction of Crawford's command, he was known as a lover of his country and was seeking to

increase the security and good order of his town.

Elated by their victory over Crawford and spurred on by rumors of a peace which would leave the choicest of their hunting-grounds forever in the possession of their enemies, the Indians were eager to make a crowning effort for the recovery of Kentucky, and early in August of this year, 1782, a grand council of the North-western tribes was held at Chillicothe to decide the question of invasion. Simon Girty, who was now one of the most trusted and devoted of the Indian leaders, was the foremost figure at this meeting, and is credited by Bradford with having made the decisive speech of the occasion. Nearly six feet tall, straight, strong and broad-chested, with massive head and big black eyes, deeply bronzed by exposure, dressed in savage fashion and adorned with paint, feathers, and all the war trappings of his tribe, he looked every inch the Indian leader that circumstances and his peculiar talents had made him. To the assembled chiefs his words were the words of Katepacomen, their adopted brother, who was as faithful to them as the panther to her cubs; whose tent-poles had been strung with the scalps of their enemies, whose cunning was that of the fox and whose heart had never failed him in time of battle. In his speech, which aroused the warriors to the highest pitch of excitement, he depicted the ruin the whites were making of their favorite hunting-ground, urged an immediate blow for its recovery, and then with significant flourishes of his tomahawk he closed his impassioned words by a fiery call for the extermination of their enemies, which was answered by a wild and unanimous yell of approval. The council promptly declared for invasion. Girty was chosen the leader of the savage army of nearly six hundred warriors, and Bryant's and Lexington stations, which were only five miles apart, were marked as the first in order of destruction. By the middle of the month the dusky horde, after a swift and stealthy march, reached the center of the wilderness now so widely known as "the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," and on the night of the 14th of August silently settled around famous Bryant's Station, which they had expected would fall at once into their hands through the absence of its usual male defenders. With admirable skill the wily Girty had maneuvered to draw them out to the relief of Hoy's Station, which he had caused to be threatened several days before for that very purpose, and the pioneers, completely deceived by the device, were busy with preparations for a march by sunrise, when he arrived fortunately for them a few hours before their intended departure. The deceiver was himself deceived. Mistaking the bustle and the lights within the fort to mean that his presence had been discovered, Girty ordered a premature attack, which revealed to the unsuspecting and astounded garrison the imminence of its danger and ultimately resulted in the failure of its enemies. The gallant charge of the men of Lexington through the Indian lines and into the beleaguered fort; the heroic exploit of the women who marched into the jaws of death to get water for the garrison, and the successful defense of Bryant's Station are now too celebrated in story and in song to need another telling. At this siege Girty displayed his usual courage. He led on the Indians when they stormed the palisades, and in close encounter with a Lexington rifleman barely escaped with his life. His parley with the garrison, however, when he tried to negotiate a surrender, resulted only in his mortification and the taunt of the fearless Reynolds that "they knew him, and he himself had a worthless dog that looked so much like him that he called him Simon Girty," must have convinced the White Indian

how greatly he was detested by the pioneers. The alarm had now gone forth, the rescue was sounded and the siege was abandoned. Girty's plan, so admirably conceived, so well conducted and so nearly realized, failed, but in the very face of defeat and while the brave hunters of Kentucky were gathering and marching against him, beset by difficulties but undiscouraged, he formed a scheme still deeper and more dangerous to his foes. He retreated, but it was a subtle and seductive retreat, which lured the small but dauntless band of his pursuers to the fatal hills and deadly ravines of the Blue Licks, where the advice of the sagacious Boone was disregarded, and where, on the 19th of August, 1782, the Indians struck a blow that sent horror and grief to every cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky and invested the name of a barren and rugged spot of earth with a sad and sanguinary immortality. The criminal rashness of McGary, the precipitate crossing of the fatal ford, the unequal struggle, the desperate heroism of the pioneers and the sickening slaughter of the flower of Kentucky's soldiery, constitute one of the most familiar and interesting episodes of Western history; but the part played in it by the principal actor, Girty, has for some reason been substantially ignored by the writers who have treated the event during the entire century that has elapsed since its occurrence. The borderers of 1782, exasperated at Estill's defeat, inflamed by the burning of Crawford and lashed into a fury of mortification and grief over this last and great disaster, were in no mood to admit the ability of the man they hated and despised as a renegade. The disaster was charged entirely to the recklessness of the hot-headed McGary and the odious Girty was treated with silent contempt. The example thus set seems to have been followed by all the Western chronicles since that day. But viewing now the cold facts with eyes undimmed by either prejudice or passion, it becomes evident that the soldiership of Girty had more to do with the defeat of the gallant pioneers than the rashness of McGary, which dramatic incident has not gone unchallenged from the fact that Boone makes no mention of it whatever in his letter to the Governor of Virginia, written only a few days after the battle. The man who led on, entrapped, outgeneraled and overwhelmed such able and wary leaders as Boone, Todd and Harlin may be scorned as a renegade but not as a military chieftain. It does but little honor to the memory of the brave who battled at the Blue Licks to assert that they were beaten by a creature who had neither character nor brains.

How great was the alarm of the settlers, even after Girty had retired beyond the Ohio, may be inferred from the above-mentioned letter of Boone, in which he urges the Governor of Virginia to send troops to aid in the defense of Fayette County, in which the two greatly exposed stations, Bryant's and Lexington, were located. He declares: "If the Indians bring another campaign into our country this fall, it will break up these settlements." Girty was now by far the most prominent and influential leader among the Ohio Indians, and was dreaming of still greater military achievements, when fortunately for the distressed and weakened pioneers his career as a soldier was checked for a while by the close of the War of Independence, but not before he had, according to Bradford, made a narrow escape from the swiftly-moving forces of George Rogers Clarke, "the Napoleon of the West," who pursued him to the valley of the Miami. The autumn, so dreaded by Boone, instead of bringing Indians, brought the glad tidings of the cessation of hostilities, an event which crushed all the hopes of the savages of ever recovering Kentucky—hopes

which seemed just after their great victory at the Blue Licks to be on the very verge of a glorious realization. Girty learned with disgust of the return of peace while at the head of an Indian force operating about Fort Pitt, and the news, strange to say, was first made known to him by the salutes of rejoicing fired from the very fort that he had shamelessly abandoned, and whose downfall he had so confidently predicted.

The great struggle in which the savages had been so actively engaged was now over, and Girty, resigning for a reason the ambitions of military life, betook himself again to his old desultory occupations of trader, hunter and interpreter. It was during the, to him, monotonous calm of the first year after the war, 1783, that he secured a white wife by marrying Catharine Malotte, a young lady about half as old as himself, and reputed to have been at that time the beauty of Detroit. There is an air of romance even about his marriage. His wife, like himself, had been a victim of a border tragedy and a prisoner among the Indians. A party of settlers, including her own family, while descending the Ohio in a flatboat, seeking new homes in the wilds of Kentucky, were fired into by a band of Shawanese, who seized the boat, killed several of the party, and carried into a miserable captivity all the survivors, including the then young girl, Catharine Malotte. She was released through the interposition of Girty. Gratitude paved the way for love, and when her deliverer returned from the war as the victor of the Blue Licks, she turned away from her red-coated and more civilized admirers of the British post, and accepted their strange and notorious white savage confederate. About two years after his marriage, 1785, Girty did an act of kindness, as singular as it was unexpected, and the motive for which has never been clearly explained. According to Colonel Thomas Marshall, he posted his brother, James Girty, who was himself a thorough savage, on the northern bank of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kanawha, to warn immigrants traveling by boat of the danger of being decoyed ashore by the Indians. McClung says that this timely notice was of service to many families, and that those who did not heed it suffered. It is asserted that Girty did this to curry favor with the Americans, and to help pave the way for his return to the people he had abandoned, but nothing has been produced to support this opinion. His conduct otherwise did not indicate it. The Indians at this time, and for years after, were constantly aggravated by the encroachments of the whites upon their Northwestern lands, and certainly Girty did his best to fan the increasing flame, which finally resulted in Harman's campaign of 1790. The very name of the White Indian seemed an omen of evil to the pioneers, for it was at "Girty's Town," now St. Mary's, Ohio, that Hardin was defeated in this same campaign.

Hostilities between the Americans and Indians continued, and Girty's services being in demand, he was once more in his element. In February, 1791, at the head of a large force of savages, he attacked and beseiged Dunlap's Station on the Great Miami, but he failed as he did at Bryant's, after trying by every device of skill and terror to induce the brave and determined garrison to surrender. It was at this place that Abner Hunt met his death, but exactly how will probably never be known. O. M. Spencer, who was captured by the Indians about this time, and while he was yet a child, says in his *Captivity*, that Hunt was burned and tortured to death by Girty's Indians. Judge Burnet, in his well-known and valuable *Notes*, makes no mention whatever of the burning, but says: "Mr. Hunt was killed before

he could reach the fort." Spencer is remarkable for his exuberant imagination. He pictures Girty as a regular Italian assassin of the Borgia period, with the regular stage "make-up," scowl and all, but unfortunately betrays himself by giving Girty a flat nose. He evidently dressed up his character to suit the popular demand. George and James Girty were so completely identified with the Indians all this time as if they had been actually born savages. They lived with them, fought with them, and apparently wanted no other society, and did all they could to make Indians out of the white children they frequently captured. They participated in the attack on Dunlap's Station, and each took an Indian's part in the struggle then in progress.

Simon Girty figured in the terrible defeat of the brave but unfortunate St. Clair, November 4, 1791, and was evidently a personage of some importance, but owing to the fact that the Indian side of the story of these early and bloody days is not recorded, the part he took is not clear. He is said to have received a saber-cut in this battle, but Spencer, who saw no bravery in him, and who calls him "a murderous renegado and villain of diabolic invention," says that "he was informed," while he was a badly scared child captive, "that the wound was made by the celebrated Brandt while he and Girty were engaged in a drunken frolic." That Girty could get as drunk as a lord and display all the brute that was in him when he was drunk there is no manner of doubt, but his daring character and his contempt for danger are sufficiently established to refute the imputation of cowardice. It is said that on one occasion, while engaged in a violent quarrel with a Shawanese, the Indian questioned his courage. Savage-like Girty sought satisfaction at once, and got it. Securing a keg of powder he instantly knocked it in the head, snatched a blazing fagot from the camp fire, and then, in the presence of a crowd of dusky spectators, called on the Shawanese to stand by him while he waved the sparkling torch above the powder. But the taunting Indian decamped amid the derisive laughter and yells of the Indians.

An incident which is thought to have occurred shortly after St. Clair's defeat, and which is given on British authority, indicates that Girty shared the feelings of his tribe against the horrible practice of burning prisoners. Several captives who had been taken during the recent battle, by some of the Indian allies, were condemned to the stake, and, in spite of every influence that Girty could bring to bear, the fatal fires were kindled to the delight of the assembled multitude of drunken braves, screeching squaws and capering children of all ages. Among the prisoners was an American officer, in whose behalf Girty especially exerted himself, but without effect. Finally, when his doom seemed inevitable, Girty, who was always fertile in expedients, seized a favorable moment when unobserved and dropped him a significant hint. The officer, very fortunately, instantly comprehended it, and, as he was being taken to the stake, he suddenly snatched a papoose from the arms of a squaw and threw it towards the flames where another prisoner was burning. The wildest excitement instantly ensued; men, women and children fell over each other in the simultaneous rush that was made to save the baby. The child was rescued, but, in the midst of the frantic and indescribable confusion, the officer made good his escape. To his credit be it said, that he never forgot his deliverer, and, as will be seen further on, did his best to prove his gratitude in 1812 when the fortunes of war brought trouble to Girty.

During the years 1792-3, when the Federal Government through commis-

sioners was seeking to establish a permanent peace with the North-western tribes, Girty was conspicuous as the adviser and interpreter of the Indians. He counseled them with all the earnestness of a natural-born savage to resist every effort of the Americans to acquire their lands north of the Ohio, and his voice seems to have been as potent with them as ever. In fact, he is said to have been the only man with a white skin allowed to be present at the most important private consultations of the red men. Girty and his Wyandots were found arrayed against the Americans in the campaign of 1794, and they took part in the desperate attack on Fort Recovery on the 30th of June, and were present at the battle of Fallen Timber on the 20th of the following August, when old Mad Anthony Wayne visited such a crushing defeat upon the brave but fated savages. Girty was now getting on in years, and when the treaty of Greenville, in the summer of 1795, closed the old Indian wars of the West and brought his hunting-grounds and his adopted kinsmen under the authority of the people he had fought so long and hated so cordially, the battle-scarred warrior, disappointed, disgusted and furious, abandoned forever his old home on the St. Mary's and followed the retiring British to Detroit. He was there in July, 1796, when the English gave up to the United States this the last of the military posts they held in the North-west, and the advancing troops of Wayne felt sure that now at last the daring and notorious White Indian would fall into their clutches. But the wily old fox scented the danger just in time, and desperately determined to risk the chance of drowning, to capture by his enemies, he boldly plunged his horse into the Detroit River as the soldiers came in sight, fought his way successfully through the sweeping current to the Canada shore, and there, with the water streaming from his clothing but still seated firmly upon his panting horse, he shook his fist at his baffled pursuers and poured out upon them and the United States Government a torrent of the wildest and most savage curses.

Driven at last from American soil, Girty found a refuge at Fort Malden, a post which had been established by the British on the east side of Detroit River, on the Canadian frontier just before the evacuation of Detroit, and distant only fifteen miles from that stockaded village so famous in the annals of Indian warfare. Fort Malden commanded the entrance to Detroit River and from its walls the red-coated sentinel could look for many a mile up the stream which separated him from the territory of the new Republic, and turning, view the beautiful waters of Lake Erie spreading out before him as far as the eye could reach. The ground once occupied by this defense is now the property of Hon. John McLeod, ex-member of the Canadian Parliament. A platform of elevated earth cast up in the long ago by the veterans of George III., and the stump of the flag-staff that once surmounted it, are now the only remains of the fort from whence issued the invading forces which brought death and disaster to the American soldiers of the war of 1812. The very name "Malden" has almost disappeared from the maps, and its successor, "Amherstburg," now designates the picturesque spot in the County of Essex, Upper Canada, where once the royal stronghold stood. But the Malden of 1796 which Girty sought, though but an outpost of the wilderness frontier, was busy enough just then, surrounded as it was by hundreds of hungry refugee Indians from the war-desolated North-west, who were clamoring for aid and comfort from their British employers. Here he found many warriors of his own tribe preparing to settle on lands

granted them as allies of the crown, and here safely ensconced were Elliott and McKee, his corruptors of Fort Pitt and his boon companions for twenty years. They had found it convenient to be among the earliest arrivals. These educated white mercenaries grew rich from the fruits of their treason, while the illiterate Girty, Indian-like, waxed poorer and poorer. It was well said lately to the writer by a scholarly correspondent who owns original papers bearing upon the Girty case, that "Girty was terribly punished for his conduct, whilst men who deserved it more escaped almost unscathed." As this society (about Malden), Indians, refugees and British, was the most home-like Girty could expect to find, the soil fertile, the region sufficiently wild and abounding with game and no war promising immediate excitement, he settled with his family on a piece of land at the head of Lake Erie and about a mile and a half below Malden, the same now owned by W. C. Mickle. Following on with other fugitives cames James Girty, the most degraded, blood-thirsty and uncivilized member of the family, a thorough Indian in feelings, manners and life. Caring for no society but that of his fellow-savages, he settled with his Shawnee squaw, his dogs and his wild young children, on Middle Sister Island, not far from his brother. After his settlement at Malden, Simon Girty resumed the occupation of interpreter, and was among the Indians who constantly visited the fort and camped upon his land. But the monotony of peace, which accorded so little with a nature that was fiery, untamed and adventurous to the last, pushed him to extremes for relief. Sometimes he sought excitement in the rum he loved so much and which was dealt out so freely at the fort, and then he was an Indian indeed, and would tear around on horseback flourishing an Indian war club, singing Indian war songs, and filling the air with the terrible sounds of the scalp halloo. Sometimes his recreation would be a long hunt with a party of savage kindred, and again it would be some dangerous expedition. Tradition reckons with this last his celebrated trip to Pennsylvania in 1711, when, in disguise he risked his life to see once more his relatives and old haunts at Squirrel Hill, east of Pittsburg, where his brother Thomas and a half-brother John Turner lived and died respected. John Turner, who seems to have always been loyal and affectionate to the notorious and hated Simon, is known as "the benefactor of Squirrel Hill," from the fact that he donated a burying-ground to the citizens of that locality at his death, which occurred in 1840, after he had attained the advanced age of eighty-five. All sorts of wonderful and improbable tales are told of this bold appearance of Simon in the very midst of his enemies. One of the wildest recounts an attack that was made upon him while he was concealed at Turner's house, and the statement is made that he even received a saber-cut in the head which ultimately caused his death. Unfortunately for this thrilling tale the saber-cut dated back to St. Clair's defeat. He was convinced however that he was still cordially detested, and especially at that time when the hostile movement of the Wabash Indians caused the savage horrors of the past to be so vividly recalled. His presence was detected and vengeance was threatened, but he escaped, and returning home found all Upper Canada in excited commotion over the rapidly approaching war between the United States and England and the certain invasion of the province.

War was proclaimed on the 19th of June, 1812, to the delight of the savage beneficiaries of Great Britain, who had for weeks been gathering in swarms about Fort Malden, and the

very name of that post soon became to the Americans the synonym for defeat and death. Girty was an old man when the war commenced, but not too old to encourage a band of Wyandots to rally around Tecumseh and the British standard. After the lapse of many years the aged victor of the Blue Licks, and the remnant of his broken people, were again united against their ancient and inveterate North-western foes. But the health of Girty was shattered, and he was so nearly blind that he could lead no more his dusky hosts to battle, but he dimly saw the flash of the guns which announced the shameful surrender of Hull; stood once again within the stockaded walls of Detroit, to which he had been so long a stranger, and heard the exultant shouts of his lessening tribe as it returned from the bloody massacre of Raisin, a deed which inspired every Kentucky soldier with the feelings of an avenger, revived bitter memories of the Indian tragedies of the past, and with them the name of Girty, which was mentioned again with threats and curses. And fate as usual was against him. The tide of war turned, the British fleet was destroyed, Malden was captured, and Girty became a fugitive. But one at least of the soldiers who pursued the retreating forces of Proctor wished the White Indian no evil. It was the American officer whose life he had saved by suggesting the desperate expedient of casting the Indian papoose toward the flames. A British authority asserts that, though this officer had retired from the American army, he rejoined it in 1813 with the express purpose of doing his best to protect Girty in the event of his capture. It was an exhibition of that rarest of noble qualities, gratitude, which makes one think better of his race. But the ill-starred Girty, from whom happiness always stood afar off, was denied the pleasure of ever knowing that he had a single friend among the advancing Americans. They never met. With pain and difficulty Girty followed the retreating British and Indians until the 5th of October, 1713, when Harrison virtually closed the struggle in the North-west by his victory at the Thames. And here also, according to the veracious Campell, was ended the checkered career of the notorious White Indian. Campbell says: "It was the constant wish of Girty that he might breathe his last in battle. So it happened. He was at Proctor's defeat on the Thames, and was cut to pieces by Colonel Johnson's mounted men." Nearly three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the battle of the Thames occurred, and though in that long period books and pamphlets without number on Western history and the War of 1812 have been published, still, strange to say, in spite of all this investigation, this statement of Judge Campbell was the nearest approach that writers made to the actual truth concerning Girty's death, and was, with one very late exception (Mr. Butterfield) received by all as authentic history. Simon Girty was not only not killed in the battle of the Thames, but he was prevented by blindness and rheumatism from taking any part whatever in the engagement. His brother James, however, followed the brave Tecumseh that day into the thickest of the fight, his younger brother George is said to have died about this time, and it was during this war that Simon lost his son Thomas, from sickness occasioned by over-exertion in gallantly carrying a wounded officer from the field of battle, and it is possible that the error so long perpetuated about the death of Simon may have arisen from a confusion of these events, all of which involved the Girty name. The collapse of the British army at the Thames found Simon Girty homeless and a wanderer, but, moved by the same instinct of savage brotherhood which ever characterized

him, he sought and found a refuge at a village of the Mohawks on Grand River. This village, which was located in the midst of some of the finest land in the Dominion, and on probably the most picturesque of Canadian streams, was settled at the close of the American Revolution, under the leadership of Girty's Indian friend and comrade, the distinguished Brandt. It is a singular coincidence that Campbell, the celebrated poet, should have made a mistake about Brandt so similar to the one made by another and more obscure Campbell about Girty. In *Gertrude of Wyoming*, "the monster Brandt" is mentioned as a participant in that cold-blooded massacre, of which Thomas Campbell so touchingly sung, though the fact is established that he was not present on that tragic occasion.

Girty shared the whiskey and venison of his Indian friends until the close of the war in 1815, when he returned to his solitary farm near Malden. It was solitary indeed. His two daughters were married, and in homes of their own; the son of his heart had died during the war; and his wife, worn out by his wild and irregular life and Indian-like ways, had left him long ago. Only one of his family, his son Prideaux, lingered about him. To add to his gloomy reflections, his savage brother James was nearing the grave. Shunned by white people, and deserted even by his Indian squaw, the miserable creature lingered on through months of pain, and at last was found dead on the beach of Middle Sister Island, on the 15th of April, 1817. The final shadows were gathering thick and fast about the aged victor of the Blue Licks also. Blind, rheumatic, and shattered in health, the terrible Canadian winter succeeding his brother's death told with fatal effect upon him. He declined rapidly, but showed no concern whatever about his condition, and bore his sufferings with the proverbial stoicism and fortitude of his adopted race. During the bitter weather prevailing but few bothered themselves about the now desolate and sinking recluse. The remnant of his old tribe, however, did not entirely forget him in his extremity, and occasionally a solitary Wyandot, as seamed and scarred and grizzled as himself, would come to his bedside suddenly and unannounced, take the thin hand of his dying brother "Katepacomen," and with tender grasp, but impassive countenance, greet him in the familiar tongue of his dusky people. Girty died in the month of February, 1818; his troubled and tempestuous life fitly ended in the midst of a driving snow storm. He had paid no attention to religion as understood by white men, and if he died in any faith at all it was in that of the Indian —a simple trust in the power and the goodness of the Great Spirit. He was buried near Amherstburg (Malden) on his farm, now known as the W. C. Mickle place, while the snow was so deep that his body had to be carried over the fences. His grave can still be pointed out, though it is entirely unmarked, and so utterly neglected that a common farm gate swings over the spot, And so ended the unhappy life of a creature who became by the force of warping circumstances the anomaly of early Western history .

No estimate of Girty can be either correct or just which does not take into account the influence which captivity and savage training had upon his character. How powerful it was is shown by the significant facts that it not only effaced the natural antipathy for the destroyers of his parents, but so perverted his normal instinct of race that he was never again in full sympathy with his own people, while as far as known, he was always true to the Indians, and retained their confidence and friendship to the end of his days. The early settlers knownig that he was a white man by birth, but ignorant of his captivity and its effects, very natu-

rally hated and despised him as a renegade. The term, however, does not apply to him in its infamous sense as it applies to Elliott and McKee, who had nothing whatever in common with the Indians, while Girty was one of them in almost everything but complexion. He was more of a savage than a renegade; more of a Brandt than an Elliott, and took part in the forays and outrages against the whites, not with the cowardice and mean malice of an outcast, but as a leader of his adopted people, and with the bravery and open hatred of an Indian. He was substantially an Indian; was neither better nor worse than an Indian, and should in the main be judged as such.

The Vale of Rest

J. T. Hudson

Oft times the Soul, tired out with strife
From fitful turmoil seeks surcease,
And from the battle-fields of life
Turns recreant and sues for peace.
Like Noah's dove, it seeks afar
From Mt. Ararats towering crest,
Some quiet spot, 'yond cliff and scar
Some peaceful quiet Vale of Rest.

In that fair nook—that calm retreat,
It lives apart. From chains of creeds
It loosens then the fettered feet,
That long have groped! The lover needs
The loving sympathy that binds.
The noblest souls that long have wrought,
It likes to dwell with kindred minds,
Sequestered in this Vale of Thought.

For what is Fame? A meteor's flash
Athwart a storm-cast horizon,
A moment flickers—then twill dash
Into a bleak oblivion!
'Tis but the clamor that proclaims
"The Man of Nazareth passeth by!"
The mob who greet with loud acclaims
Will cry tomorrow, "Crucify!"

O restful vale! O calm abode!
O Sabbath of the mind and soul!
Here would I lay my heavy load—
Here from my heart the sorrow roll!
Here I would 'bide far from the strife,
Nor wish, nor seek a higher boon
Where from the warring feuds of life,
I'd with my Better Self commune.

Come! Leave O soul thy Olivet,
Abandon bleak Gethsemane!
Thy dream of indolence forget!
Not yet the restful Vale for thee!
The sun kissed heights—they beckon thee!
Come! Leave the sordid lowly plain!
Let none a dastard reckon thee!
Gird on, OSoul, thy sword again.

Leave for the bats thy hermit cell!
Thy vigils cease, pale anchorite!
Come with thy brother man to dwell—
With him to strive and nobly fight
With sabre thrust or tongue or pen,
Nor let thy spirit quail.
The night is coming fast and then
For thee the Restful Vale!

Alexander Hamilton Stephens

(A Speech Delivered by Judge Joseph Henry Lumpkin, July 4th, at Crawfordville, Ga.)

UPON the birthday of American independence we have assembled to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of an apostle of liberty. Although he was not born on this particular date, his fame is great enough to extend throughout the year.

Crawfordville and Taliaferro county are intimately connected with three of Georgia's great men. The county was named for Benjamin Taliaferro, who bore the unique distinction of being elected by the legislature to fill the office of judge of the Superior Court in this State without having been a lawyer. After the Yazoo fraud, excitement ran high for a number of years. Many able members of the bar who might have been eligible had been in some way connected with that affair, or were thought to have been so, and it was difficult to find a lawyer to fill a vacancy which occurred on the bench, who would give general satisfaction. So (the Constitution not then preventing) Col. Taliaferro was made judge because of his high character and ability, and the confidence in which the people held him, though he was not a lawyer. Crawfordville was named for William H. Crawford, a giant mentally, and almost a giant physically; and it was the home of Alexander H. Stephens, whose great brain and great heart were incased in the smallest of bodies. His first public speech was a Fourth of July oration delivered in this place in 1834, when he was but twenty-two years of age. In it he foreshadowed principles to which he adhered during life. Many years he devoted to the service of his country and to championing its Constitution. It is thus peculiarly appropriate, as to time and place and subject, that upon our country's birthday we should gather here to talk of the Sage of Liberty Hall, who was born a hundred years ago.

In the limited time which may be occupied by such an address any biographical sketch of Mr. Stephens must necessarily be fragmentary and incomplete.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was born February 11, 1812, near Crawfordville, in what was then Wilkes county. On his mother's side he was related to Justice Robert C. Grier, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and to Robert Grier of almanac fame. He was the youngest of three children by his father's first marriage, and was christened "Alexander," the middle name of Hamilton being added afterward by himself, as will appear further on in this address. His mother died in May following his birth. Later his father again married, and from this union sprang five children, one of whom became the distinguished lawyer and judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia, Linton Stephens.

Young Stephens's education at school was intermittent, and much of his early childhood was devoted to work on the farm. His father and step-mother died within a week of each other, leaving very little property. Impressed with his conduct at Sunday school, Mr. Mills, the superintendent, proposed to send him to an academy which was conducted at Washington by a Mr. Webster. This was done. The youthful student became greatly attached to his teacher, and from his was derived the name of Hamilton. It came about in this manner, as narrated by his biographers: "He noticed upon the Latin Grammar his teacher had given him, and which was one the latter had himself used, the owner's name in full,

'Alexander Hamilton Webster.' It gave him a feeling of joy that his benefactor's name was in part the same as his own, and his affection prompted him to increase the similarity." From that time he always wrote his full name, Alexander Hamilton Stephens.

In his early life he thought of entering the ministry, and money for his education at Franklin College (now the University of Georgia) was advanced by a society of the Presbyterian Church called the Georgia Educational Society, with the understanding (as he stated in later years) that if, after graduation, he should not feel it his duty to preach the gospel, he would return the money whenever, or if ever, he was able to do so. This he afterward did in full by means of money borrowed from his brother, and the small patrimony left to him.

Following his graduation he was for a time an assistant in a school at Madison. In 1834 he determined to study law. He has left a statement that he then weighed ninety-four pounds and was sixty-seven inches in height; and that, when he left college, he weighed but seventy pounds.

After two or three months of the most intense and incessant application to study, he was admitted to the bar on July 22. Judge William H. Crawford was on the bench. It is a coincidence that the grandfather of the present speaker, whose full name he bears, was the leading member of the committee who examined the applicant, and declared that he had never witnessed a better examination. It is with unusual satisfaction that the grandson and namesake of the man who pronounced that compliment on the young lawyer comes, seventy-eight years later almost to the day, to speak of the great lawyer and great statesman into whom the youthful law student ripened.

The first engagement of Mr. Stephens as a lawyer was on a contingent fee of about $180. The first cash fee paid to him was $2.00, which he received for appearing before the court of ordinary. From this small beginning he rapidly rose, until he became one of the greatest lawyers of the State, and almost invincible before the juries of the Northern Circuit.

In the year in which he was admitted to the bar the subject of building a railroad from Augusta to some point in the interior of the State was being considered. Crawfordville had the distinction of being the place where it was first resolved to call a convention on the subject. In the journal of Mr. Stephens, under date of July 3, 1834, occurs this statement, which sounds strange at the present day, but was not so when written: "The stupendous thought of seeing steam engines moving over our hills with the safe and rapid flight of fifteen miles an hour, produces a greater effect in the discussion of the undertaking than any discovered defect in the chain of argument in its favor." The opponents of the measure laughed at the impracticability of rushing over hills and through valleys, drawn by a steam engine at the break-neck speed of fifteen miles an hour. What would those doubting Thomases say could they see the lightning express of this day flash by, with its vestibuled cars?

In 1836 Mr. Stephens was elected to the Legislature. He made his maiden speech in advocacy of the building of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and was very influential in passing the bill for that purpose. He was re-elected each year until the close of 1840. He declined to run again. During his legislative term he was an ardent friend of education, and championed the cause of his alma mater and also the cause of female education.

In 1839 he was a delegate to the Southern Commercial Congress at Charleston. An incident occurred there which illustrates his slight figure and boyish appearance. He was reclin-

ing on a lounge at the hotel talking to a group of gentlemen who had gathered round him. The proprietor of the hotel, who did not know him, entered and, seeing what he supposed to be a boy stretched on the lounge, said to him: "My son, don't take up the whole lounge; let these gentlemen be seated." He was overwhelmed with confusion when he learned whom he was addressing.

In 1842 Mr. Stephens was a member of the State senate. The next year he was elected a member of Congress, and was re-elected until 1859, when he determined to retire from public life. The firmness of his convictions during this time may be illustrated by the fact that, when Daniel Webster, who was the candidate of the Independent Whig party, died in 1852, before the election, Mr. Stephens with others nevertheless voted the ticket with Webster's name upon it after the death of the latter.

In a speech delivered in Augusta in 1855 he gave utterance to those noble words, worthy to live forever in the hearts of men: "I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or beneath the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than triumph in a bad one." A man whose life was shaped on such principles deserves to live in the affections of his countrymen. He has left an imperishable legacy of labor, of love and of character to his native State.

The tremendous march of events recalled Mr. Stephens to public service in 1860. He was on the Douglas electoral ticket, and also was a delegate to the Secession Convention held in this State in 1861. He spoke and voted against immediate secession, holding it not to be sound policy, though asserting the right of a State to withdraw from the Federal compact. But when the ordinance of secession was passed, he signed it with the other delegates. He was sent as a delegate to the Confederate Convention at Montgomery, and upon the establishment of the government of the Confederate States, he was chosen as Vice-President, and was inaugurated on his forty-ninth birthday. In February, 1865, he was one of the commissioners sent to negotiate terms of peace with President Lincoln and Mr. Seward at Hampton Roads. At the close of the war he was imprisoned at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he was held until October, 1865, and was then paroled. And thus, strangely enough, for maintaining his views of the sovereignty of the States, he was imprisoned hard by the very spot where in earlier days patriots had thrown the tea overboard, and had been immortalized for doing it. In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1872 he was defeated for the Senate by General John B. Gordon. The next year he was returned to Congress from his district, and was re-elected successively until 1882, when he was elected Governor.

In 1883, though worn by arduous work, he went to Savannah to attend the sesqui-centennial celebration, and during the trip caught a severe cold, which rapidly developed into a serious illness, from which he died on March 4. It was the fortune of the speaker to see him shortly before he left Atlanta for Savannah; and though he was feeble, his eyes blazed with their wonted fire, and he still had the old, sweet, gentle way which especially characterized his dealings with young men. A few days later, as the fingers of dawn were unbarring the gates of a Sabbath morning, the tired hands were folded on the peaceful breast, the brilliant eyes closed upon the things of earth, the great heart ceased to beat, and Georgia stood in tears beside the bier of her beloved son. Nor was this

all. North and South alike joined in paying tribute to his memory.

This is but a skeleton outline of his public life. His activity as a statesman looms large in the gigantic drama which was enacted during the middle and latter portion of the last century. To discuss his position on various public questions would necessitate a review of much of the history of the country for forty years. His advocacy of the admission of Texas, his opposition to the war with Mexico, his support of the Clay Compromise of 1850, his position on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, on known-nothingism, on slavery, on secession, and on other important matters of the day, and his career during and after the Civil War, furnish too wide a field for consideration in this brief hour. To say that in those turbulent times he had enemies, is to say that he was a man of strong convictions, and did not hesitate to express them. To say that he was not perfect, is to say that he was human. But through his whole political life ran two connecting threads which were never broken: his belief in the sovereignty of the States, under a constitutional government, and the protection of the liberties of the people.

His first public speech, to which reference has been made, was on the subject of State sovereignty. On the same day he wrote this sentence in his Journal: "It is only by frequent recurrence to the cost of liberty that it can be truly appreciated. When the people become remiss, and cease to watch their rights with a jealous eye, then the days of liberty are numbered, for its price is eternal vigilance."

After years of political struggles, after the hardships incident to the war and confinement in prison, after a severe accident which, doubtelss aggravated by the effects of his imprisonment, in time reduced him to the necessity of using the roller chair of an invalid, his indomitable spirit surmounted all obstacles, and upon the occurrence of a vacancy in his congressional district he was returned to the House of Representatives, as already stated, and that without opposition. A newspaper writer of that day thus humorously described his appearance as he sat in the House. "A little way up the aisle sits a queer-looking bundle; an immense cloak, a high hat, and peering somewhere out of the middle, a thin, pale, sad little face. This brain and eyes enrolled in countless thicknesses of flannel and broadcloth wrappings, belong to Honorable Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia." But when the Civil Rights bill was before the House the brain thrilled with electric energy, the eyes glowed with burning intensity, and the shrill voice sounded like a clarion, as he hurled his powerful arguments against those who would trample upon the people of his State and country. For years after his first public utterance, he said: "If there is one truth which stands out prominently above all others in the history of these States, it is that the germinal and seminal of American constitutional liberty is in the absolute, unrestricted right of State self-government in all purely internal affairs." He declared that the so-called Civil Right bill—which should have been called a bill to inflict Civil Wrongs—was unconstitutional. And the Supreme Court of the United States did the same thing a few years later.

The Constitution of the United States begins with these words: "We, the people of the United States." From such initial words naturally follows a constitutional government "of the people, by the people and for the people." That there might be no mistake as to the reserved powers of the States, the tenth amendment to the constitution declared that, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the

States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

In the progress of time, as human thought rises to higher levels, even the terms in which rights are asserted and the adherence to liberty proclaimed sometimes take on a loftier tone. Great as were the opening words of the Constitution of the United States, the first sentence of our State Constitution of 1877 will not suffer by comparison with them. It is: "To perpetuate the principles of free government, insure justice to all, preserve peace, promote the interest and happiness of the citizen, and transmit to posterity the enjoyment of liberty, we, the people of Georgia, relying upon the protection and guidance of Almighty God, do ordain and establish this Constitution." What a splendid summary of the great purpose of constitutional government! Let it be noted that here even the thought of self does not stand first. The sentence does not begin with "we," not even with "we the people;" but with words that thrill the hearts of men wherever liberty is cherished—"To perpetuate the principles of free government." These two sentences of our State and Federal Constitutions, with the tenth amendment to the latter, contain the germ of the thought which underlies our dual system of government, and for which the Great Commoner contended all his life,—the State within her domain perpetuating the principles of free government, insuring justice to all, and transmitting to posterity the enjoyment of liberty; and the Federal Government, formed by a compact of the States, within the legitimate domain of the powers delegated to it, acting for the general welfare.

When, in the war between the States, the South laid down her arms, she accepted in good faith the arbitrament of the sword. In like good faith, as an integral part of our common country, she is facing the problems of the future and seeking to solve them aright. The war determined that, whatever may have been the legal or constitutional arguments as to the right of secession, a State could not in fact secede. But the States never, by virtue of the war or its results, surrendered their rights as sovereign States within the Union. This is an indissoluble union, but it is also a union of indestructible States. If ever the time should come when the sovereignty of the States should be destroyed, and they should be reduced to the position of mere provinces or territorial subdivisions, whatever else of government might be left—whether empire, monarchy, or by whatever name called,—it would not be in truth and in fact the United States of America which our fathers founded.

In spite of his ill health, and though his life was full of pressing public duties, Mr. Stephens found time to devote to literature and authorship. His book on the "War Between the States" is generally conceded to be the ablest defense of the Southern position by a discussion of the constitutional questions involved in that great struggle. He also published a brief history of the United States, and later a more elaborate history, and for a time edited a newspaper. His ill health sometimes caused melancholy. But he resolutely set his face against it, and found consolation in his own troubles by helping others. He was courteous, gentle and kind, though ready to resent what he considered an insult. In those days dueling was looked upon as a legitimate method of settling personal difficulties. His readiness to resent what he deemed an affront, led him at different times to challenge Herschel V. Johnson and Benjamin H. Hill, almost to have a duel with William L. Yancey, and to have a personal encounter with the large and muscular Judge Cone. I speak not of the right or wrong of these occurrences, but of the intrepid

spirit which dwelt in the breast of the ninety-pound half-invalid. He afterward resumed his friendship with Governor Johnson and Judge Cone, the difficulty with Mr. Yancey was adjusted, and before the pall of death settled around the form of Benjamin H. Hill, the two were reconciled.

The kindness of heart of Mr. Stephens was aptly expressed by the statement of the old negro that he was kinder to dogs than most folks are to men. He was lavishly hospitable and generous, and expended a large part of his fortune in helping others. His sympathy was unlimited. He provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women.

He never married, but Liberty Hall, his home, was a rallying point of Georgians. His hospitality was boundless. He had a multitude of friends, but apparently two men were closer to his heart than any others. One was his half-brother, Linton, the other Robert Toombs. His love for his brother was like the love of a mother for her son. His friendship for Toombs began just after his admission to the bar, and lasted till death separated them. Though differing widely in manner, methods, and habits of thought and life, their love for each other was like that of Doman and Pythias or Jonathan and David. At the memorial exercises held in the capitol after the death of Mr. Stephens, I shall never forget the scene when his life-long friend, General Toombs, arose to address the audience. Massive and superb in appearance, and grand in manner and in intelligence, as Toombs always was, even beneath the weight of years he stood out like some ivy-crowned tower, lofty and magnificent. When he sought to speak of his dead friend, the towering form trembled, the eyes that had so often flashed like lightning in the heat of debate were suffused with tears, and the voice that had echoed like thunder through the halls of Congress broke into sobs of sorrow.

There were giants in those days, when Toombs and Hill and Johnson and Cobb and other great men were heard upon the hustings of Georgia. Among them Alexander H. Stephens shone as a brilliant star. A deep student, a profound thinker, an admirable logician, a strong, clear speaker, and with a character as stainless as that of a woman, he riveted attention, compelled thought, and carried his hearers in the direction of his own convictions with marvelous force. Many great men have inspired admiration and affection. It may be safely said that no man in the history of this State has been more the idol of his people. He was selected as one of Georgia's representatives in Statuary Hall at Washington, where a marble effigy will perpetuate the memory of his services to his State.

When the great life passed away, there was inscribed on yonder monument beside which "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well," the Latin phrase, "non sibi, sed aliis,"—not for himself but for others. And truly it was added that "it seemed fit that, having survived parents, brethren, sisters, and most of the dear companions of youth, he should lay his dying head upon the bosom of his people."

The Stephens Monument Association was organized with three objects in view,—the purchase of Liberty Hall, the erection of a monument to Mr. Stephens, and the establishment of an institution of learning in his honor, where poor boys might be aided in obtaining an education. The first two of these objects have been accomplished. The last remains to be realized. Is there a more ideal spot than here at Liberty Hall, the home of Georgia's distinguished son in life and where sleeps all that was mortal of this helper of mankind? His unconquerable will, his power to overcome crush-

ing difficulties, his lofty patriotism and his helpfulness to his followmen, would be daily before the boys, as an example and an inspiration. I hope that the day may not be far distant when such a school will be established as a monument to his memory more enduring than brass and more splendid than chiseled marble. (Here the speaker proposed to head a list of contributors, for the purpose of establishing the school, with a contribution of $1,000.)

On this birthday of liberty, standing by the grave of the great man whom we commemorate, our hearts are full of patriotic sentiments. Cherishing with deepest devotion the Constitution that stands as the safeguard of freedom, loving our country whose memories are the common heritage of us all, looking with pride upon the starlit flag that symbolizes the glory of the past and the hopes of the future, there is yet no disloyalty, as we gaze upon the stars that cluster in its azure field, in loving best the one bright star that glitters to the name of Georgia. We feel that we are "in the house of our fathers" to stay, and that no stripe upon that banner signifies any degradation of our grand old State.

Oh, Georgia, we love your old red hills, your rock-ribbed mountains, your fertile vales, and your sea-washed shore. We will cherish the noble traditions of your past, and with unfaltering faithfulness, guard your future greatness and your honor. Land of my nativity, "where the loved sleep, folded in the embrace of your flowers, would that today it were my destiny to increase the floodtide of your glory, as it will be mine to share your fortunes; for when my few more years tremble to their close, I would sleep beneath your soil, where the drip of April tears might fall upon my grave, and the sunshine of your skies would warm southern flowers to blossom on my breast."

A Series of Open Letters to His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons

No. 4

Your Eminence:

THAT was a pretty good prayer you put up, at the Baltimore Convention. True, it did not seem to take effect; but we must all remember that there is a certain amount of waste in prayers, as there is in everything else. The best of sowers may cast seed upon barren spots; and in my judgment, that Baltimore Convention, "by and large," was one of the barrenest spots that ever a spiritual husbandman tried to cultivate.

But really, Cardinal, you were not dealing in wheat: you were dealing in dust. Your whole tribe, just now, is energetically engaged in the effort to throw dust into the eyes of the American people. You wish to keep them quiet and unsuspicious, while you silently, secretly, persistently organize to subvert American liberties.

On Columbus Day, in Washington City, all of your Knights and other Romanists made a brave display of American flags. Your orator of the day prated loudly of love of country. Everything was done to lull the non-Catholics. No effort was spared to produce the impression that Romanism and patriotism are twins. Yet, with all your ingenuity, you cannot hide the serpent's coils. You strive in vain to conceal the true design of Rome.

When our portly, thick-lipped and thick-necked virgin, Cardinal Farley, arrived in New York, on his return trip from Italy, the Pope's flag was placed *above* the Stars and Stripes.

Was this an accident, Cardinal?

At the insistence of Tammany and the Cathedral, the City Hall was swathed in papal colors and emblems.

Was this another accident, Cardinal?

When that other thick-lipped, bull-necked virgin—O'Connell—returned to Boston, a demand was made upon Governor Foss that the local State military turn out, under arms, to greet and escort the obese, bold-eyed virgin.

Why did your people want your "Prince of Boston" to have a military reception?

Then, as you will remember, Cardinal, there was a banquet given in honor of St. Patrick. President Taft and Governor Foss were invited, and so was our portly virgin, Cardinal O'Connell. With that modesty which wins so much popularity for the "Prince of Boston," he sent word to the committee of management that he would expect to be seated at the right of the President of the United States—the seat of honor on such occasions. Thus the "Prince of Boston" claimed precedence over the Governor of an American State.

Foss, learning that the modest and patriotic Prince had made the demand, *and that the Committee had yielded to it*, declined to attend the feast.

But President Taft went, *knowing that the Committee had conceded the precedence of the Church over the State.*

Again, Cardinal, your bishops of Newark slipped through the legislature of New Jersey a bill which, in part, abolishes civil marriage. Heretofore, in all American States, the civil authorities have exercised the right to unite couples in the holy bonds of wedlock. In our eyes and in the eye of our laws, marriage is a contract.

In your eyes, and in those of your

canon law, marriage is not a contract, but a sacrament.

In Italy, recent legislation has been on English lines: that is, the State unites people in wedlock. It is so in France: it is so in Spain: it is so in Portugal.

But Roman priests do all in their power to nullify these laws. The superstition and the fears of Roman Catholics are worked upon; and the result is that most marriages take place in the Roman churches—and the priests pocket big fees.

New Jersey is the first American State that you have captured with your sacramental marriage. The present governor signed the bill—the first bill that ever put the Church above the State, in this Republic.

How did you manage it, Cardinal?

Governor Woodrow Wilson is the son of a Protestant preacher. He himself is said to be a Presbyterian. In the veins of every member of that sect is supposed to run a bitter memory of the hideous sufferings and massacres that Romanists inflicted upon their ancestors.

Did you manipulate Governor Wilson through his private secretary, the Jesuit?

In the first place, how did it happen that a Presbyterian governor selected, not only a Roman Catholic, but *a Jesuit*, to fill the most intimate and confidential position that an employee can occupy?

All the world knows the influence which intimate, confidential employment gives.

Those seeking favors, invariably gain the good will of the confidential servant.

Kings are controlled through their mistresses and their private, personal attendants.

Cardinal, you doubtless recall hundreds of instances of this kind, in the history of Europe, Asia and Africa.

The woman controlled the monarch, and the confessor controlled the woman.

There was the Pompadour, you know; and the Maintenon, and the DuBarry: and to mention a recent example, the Spanish hell-cat who became the Empress Eugenie. When we learn the names of the confessors of these women, we learn who ruled and ruined France.

Other nations have undergone woful experiences from precisely the same secret causes.

In my own little career, I have continually seen the effects of intimate employment—the influence of the man or the woman who has the ear and the confidence of the master.

A word, a hint, even, will decide the wavering balance of judgment. The valet is often the power behind the throne with the man whose coat he brushes. The chambermaid can imperceptibly become the maker of the mistress' opinions.

As to the Private Secretary of a governor, a mayor, a president, their influence is invariably in exact ratio to their tact, will-power, good judgment and intelligence. Their opportunities are boundless.

Example: George B. Cortelyou, speedily rose from the place of private secretary to the head of a great Department, and would doubtless have been President of the United States, had not Mr. Roosevelt made his ludicrous and epochal mistake about the true character of William Howard Taft.

Now, Cardinal, let's get back to Woodrow Wilson's confidential man, Joseph Patrick Tumulty.

How did this wily Jesuit worm his way into the confidence of a Presbyterian governor? By what course of reasoning did you convince Governor Wilson that the country people and the poor people ought to be deprived of the cheap marriages afforded by justices of the peace?

I suppose you noticed that, while the presidential nomination was in progress, those New England States which are strongly Romanist, were flooded with literature consisting of extracts from my writings against your heirarchy. This was done by Governor Wilson. The purpose of broadcasting such a State as Massachusetts with this literature was to damage Hon. Oscar Underwood whose zealous champion I was.

Well, it damaged him, good and proper. But would a Presbyterian have resorted to a thing like that, if a Presbyterian had been his private secretary?

I have never insulted anybody about his religion. There has been no indiscriminate abuse of Roman Catholics. My attacks have been restricted to the hierarchy, which has become a political and commercial machine, ever grasping for money and for power; and ever stealthily advancing to the assault of our public schools, our freedom of the press, and our freedom to elect our own officers, and to govern ourselves according to democratic principles.

Why, then, should a Presbyterian governor of an American State find fault with me about *that?*

Why should he arouse the wrath of Romanist voters, *against Underwood*, because of my attacks upon a foreign hierarchy which menaces our liberties?

I have not said more against the claims and the practices of Rome than Gambetta said, than Bismarck said, than Garibaldi said, than Gladstone said.

My position is on the sacred ground that our forefathers took when they founded this Government. Every principle for which Patrick Henry spoke, for which Jefferson wrote, for which Washington fought *ARE MINE, and I would die for them.*

But that Jesuit, Tumulty, is a sworn foe of these principles, is solemnly oath-bound to destroy those principles, and has gained a position where he can do enormous injury to those principles.

Already, he has stricken down one of our time-honored institutions, that of civil marriage.

Already, he has convinced a Protestant that it is legitimate and proper to attack another Protestant, because that other Protestant is making the same war upon Popery that John Knox made, that John Calvin made, that John Huss made, that Martin Luther made.

Do you wonder, Cardinal, that I should be profoundly disturbed when I see a treacherous, sworn-to-exterminate Jesuit wield such control over an American governor?

Do you marvel, sir, that I should do all in my power to alarm others?

Cardinal, your *words* are eminently soothing, pacific, conciliatory, Americanistic. Your cradle-song is softly pitched, as any lullaby should be: but your *deeds*, dispel the charm of your song.

For instance, I notice that you have driven out of the public service, Commissioner Robert Valentine, who issued the order forbidding the nuns from practically teaching your religion in our public Indian schools.

Charm us never so sweetly with your cradle-songs, my Prince, you cannot make us lose sight of what you *do.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Juvenile Court of the National Capital, a State Institution, Converted into a Roman Catholic Institution

A Guardian of Liberty

IN October, 1911, there appeared in *The Washington Times*, a letter, as follows:

The Washington Times says Judge DeLacy, of the Juvenile Court, dismissed Chief Probation Officer, the Rev. Mr. Copp, today, and appointed Mr. Dillin, Mr. Copp's assistant, in Mr. Copp's place. Judge DeLacy recently appointed Mr. Edmondston, the Clerk of the Juvenile Court. That makes a Roman Catholic Juvenile Court Judge, a Roman Catholic Juvenile Court Clerk, and a Roman Catholic Juvenile Court Chief Probation Officer—a Roman Catholic Institution.

In view of the same, there is no reason to doubt that Judge DeLacy will appoint Roman Catholics to all other places if he has not already done so. Congress created the Juvenile Court a State institution. Judge DeLacy has turned it into a church institution—a Roman Catholic institution.

I protest and request you to publish it to the world.

I protest against mixing Church and State in our governmental system: (1), because it is contrary to the principles of our free institutions, and the Constitution, and (2) of the very nature of a court so constituted, it is against the general welfare.

Judge DeLacy, I hold, in converting the Juvenile Court into a Roman Catholic machine, shows prejudice, bias, and bigotry.

Judge DeLacy was recently press reported as publicly saying that whatever good he had accomplished through the Juvenile Court was chargeable to his Roman Catholic training and influence.

That is bigotry with a vengeance, and a sign of priestly influence over his office.

Mr. Dillon is of like mould. As assistant probation officer, talking to the Juvenile Court wards one day, he ridiculously attempted to advise them that John Barry was the father of the Navy and a worthy example as an illustrious Roman Catholic. That was not only bigotry with a vengeance, but ignorance as well.

Again, not long since, the local newspapers gave an extensive airing of the Juvenile Court's devious methods and ways of placing many Juvenile Court wards in Roman Catholic institutions, instead of in the public institutions, which I cite simply as another instance of Juvenile Court DeLacy's bias and bigotry.

If Juvenile Court Judge DeLacy did that while his family was part Protestant, what will he do when it is all Roman Catholic? History turns a leaf.

ANDREW JORDAN GREEN.

* * * * *

That letter precipitated a bitter controversy in which the Papists, as always when shown in their true colors, raised the cowardly cry of bigotry, and fell upon *The Washington Times* so hard and lustily with savage threat of barbarous Irish boycott, that that paper hurriedly closed its columns to any further discussion of the matter and disclosures of Papal iniquity.

However, that controversy prompted attempts at ousting DeLacy. That he

will be ousted is doubtful. He was appointed by President Roosevelt at the command of Cardinal Gibbons' personal representative priest at the National Capital, and upon the same authority President Taft will re-appoint him. Indeed, it is current report that President Taft has said that he will have to re-appoint him. What a hold the Papists have upon Mr. Taft!

Knowing that for certain Juvenile Court immoral practices, the President and Senate had been petitioned by some Protestant Church Associations not to re-appoint Juvenile Court Judge DeLacy, imagine my surprise on seeing in the Congressional Record of June 15, 1912, on page 8752, among the petitions and memorials as laid before the Senate, by the President, *pro tempore*, the following:

He also presented resolutions adopted by the Lutheran Ministerial Association of Washington, D. C., favoring the reappointment of William H. DeLacy, as judge of the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, which were referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

I knew that record was an error—a willful error.

Having written much against Papal practices of mixing Church and State, I have won the enmity of the Papists and, as is their practice to stab in the back, in any way, however low and mean, I have in such way suffered at their hands and, most mildly, in their priest instructed, bigoted typesetters garbling me, substituting my words, and parts of sentences, with others, thereby destroying my intended meaning, making me appear as illiterate and ridiculous, even in articles without Papal relation, so intense is their prejudice. Accordingly for such experience, it was but natural for me to infer, on reading that Congressional Record, that the Papal stenographers of the United States Senate and the Papal typesetters of the United States Government Printing office had made the Lutheran resolutions read in favor of DeLacy instead of against him, and being of Congressional Record against him, the petition itself would be destroyed by some hook or crook, their infamy hidden thereby, and DeLacy and their Papal church forever profiting.

Such is the Papal effort to Romanize the United States that the Papists have not and would not hesitate to build history on falsehood, and try to destroy all evidence of their perfidy.

That the Lutheran resolutions did not favor DeLacy's reappointment is clearly shown by the resolutions themselves, as follows:

Whereas: The Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, in handling cases coming before it, frequently orders and requires young girls to undergo medical examination with a view to securing evidence of sexual intercourse (See Appendix A), which we submit is unnecessary, subversive to good morals, and without warrant of law; and

Whereas: The said Juvenile Court, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, from time to time commits girls to a sectarian and religious institution known as the "House of the Good Shepherd," of this city, which is under the management and control of the Roman Catholic Church (See Appendix B), which we submit is without warrant of law, and

Whereas: The said Juvenile Court, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, by judicial act, has directed that certain infants coming within the jurisdiction of the court, be baptized into the Roman Catholic faith (See Appendix C), which we submit is without warrant of law, and

Whereas: The said Juvenile Court,

Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, has practically become under its present head, a Roman Catholic institution, in the personnel of its officers and employees (See Appendix D), which we submit it was not and is not the intent of the act establishing said Court, and is not in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States or the laws for the District of Columbia enacted in pursuance thereof, neither is it for the best interest of the community; and

Whereas: The term of office for which the said Judge William H. DeLacy was appointed expires during or about the month of July, 1912, it is

Resolved: By the Lutheran Ministerial Association of the City of Washington, that we respectfully and earnestly request the Hon. William Howard Taft, President of the United States, not to reappoint the said Judge William H. DeLacy to said position for another term; and that we respectfully and earnestly request the United States Senate, should Judge DeLacy's name be sent to that honorable body for confirmation for another term, that they refuse to confirm such nomination; and it is further

Resolved: That the President and Secretary of this Luthern Ministerial Association be directed to place, at the earliest possible date, a copy of these resolutions in the hands of the President, and to take whatever steps may be necessary to have a copy of the same introduced or presented on the floor of the United States Senate, that that body may officially refer them, in due course, to the appropriate committee having consideration of names presented to the Senate for confirmation.

Attest:

John T. Huddle.
President.

C. H. Butler, Secretary.

June 14, 1912.

APPENDIX A.

A partial list of cases illustrating the practice of the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, in requiring girls to undergo sexual examination.

1908, Oct. 22. Bessie MacNutt, white, 16 years of age. Charged with petty larceny. Judge DeLacy ordered this girl to Emergency Hospital, to be examined for "evidence of sexual intercourse."

1908, Nov. 30. Eva Frazier, white, 16 years of age. Charged with petty larceny. Judge DeLacy ordered her to be taken to Emergency Hospital, to be examined for "evidence of sexual intercourse," which examination caused a hemorrhage.

1909, Feb. 6. Zelda Striker, white, 16 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Ordered to Emergency Hospital for examination for "evidence of sexual intercourse."

1909, Dec. 3. Ethel May Burton, white, 9 years of age. Charged with larceny of 35 cents. Court sent her for similar examination to Dr. C. R. Dufour, 1343 L St., N. W., who refused, on the ground of the girl's tender age, to make such examination.

1910, March 21. Geneva Thornton, colored, 14 years of age. No charge preferred against her except that she was homeless, her mother having been sent to jail. Judge DeLacy ordered the girl taken to Freedman's Hospital for examination for "evidence of sexual intercourse."

1910, April 26. Olga Thornley, white, 14 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency Hospital to be examined for "evidence of sexual intercourse." She positively refused to submit to such an examination and was returned to court, when Judge DeLacy sentenced her to the "House of the Good Shepherd," but suspended sentence.

1910, May 9. Annie Diehl, white,

13 years of age. Although held at the House of Detention merely as a United States witness to testify in Police Court, this girl was taken, by order of Judge DeLacy, to Dr. C. R. Dufour, 1343 L. St., N. W., to be examined for "evidence of sexual intercourse."

1911, May 13. Viola Brown, colored, 14 years of age, fugitive from parents. Sent to Freedman's Hospital for sexual examination.

1911, July 10. Mary Henson, colored, 15 years of age. Sent to Freedman's for sexual examination.

1911, Aug. 19. Lillian Brooks, colored, 16 years of age. Sent to Freedman's for such examination.

1911, Oct. 6. Mary Butler, colored, 16 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency Hospital for sexual examination.

1912, Jan. 4. Alice Richardson, colored, 15 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency for such examination.

1912, Feb 9. Mary Newton, colored, 13 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Freedman's Hospital for sexual examination in contagious or veneral disease.

1912, Feb. 16. Elsie Turner, colored, 12 years of age. Charged with truancy. Sent to Freedman's for sexual examination in contagious or veneral disease.

1912, March 25. Hattie Cook, colored, 16 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency Hospital for sexual examination.

1912, March 26. Mary C. Dodson, colored, 16 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency for such examination.

1912, March 26. Naomi Sewell, colored, 13 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to Emergency for such examination.

1912, May 1. Mary Richardson, colored, 16 years of age. Charged with petty larceny. Sent to Emergency Hospital for sexual examination.

APPENDIX B.

A partial list of cases illustrating the practice of the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, in committing girls to a sectarian or religious institution, known as the "House of the Good Shepherd," Washington, D. C.

1910, May 9. Annie Diehl, white, Protestant, 13 years of age, who had been held in the House of Detention as a U. S. witness for Police Court, was sent by the Juvenile Court to the "House of the Good Shepherd."

1910, Nov. 14. Sadie Dean, white, 13 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Sent to the "House of the Good Shepherd" by Juvenile Court for one year.

1911, Jan. 14. Edith Daly, white, 15 years of age, married. Charged with incorrigibility by her husband, Charles H. Daly. Sentenced to "House of Good Shepherd" for two years.

1911, Feb. 10. Marie Biggs, white, 14 years of age. Charged with incorrigibility. Ordered by Juvenile Court to Providence Hospital, and sentenced to "House of the Good Shepherd."

1912, Jan. 31. Florence Walton, white, Protestant, 16 years of age. Charged with being a fugitive from House of Mercy. Committed by Judge DeLacy to "House of Good Shepherd."

APPENDIX C.

Several cases showing that the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, has ordered that infants coming within its jurisdiction, be baptized in the Roman Catholic faith.

1911, Jon. 17. Priest Gallier was sent by Judge DeLacy to baptise an infant child of Mrs. Mortimer, then at the Crittendon Home, and also to look after the spiritual welfare of Walter

Kelley, at the National Training School for boys.

1911, Sep. 19. Twin infants were brought into the Juvenile Court and committeed under the name of "Acton," the religious faith of whose parents was uncertain. Judge DeLacy ordered Miss King, Assistant Probation Officer, to take them at once to St. Vincent de Paul's Roman Catholic church and have them baptized in that faith. This she did, acting as Godmother. (See Docket No. 12030, and note the change of name to Gotzendanner, their baptismal name on the Docket Sep. 22, 1911.)

APPENDIX D.

Showing that the Juvenile Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. William H. DeLacy, Judge, has practically become, under its head a Roman Catholic institution, in the personnel of its officers and employees.

I. When organized in 1906, the court consisted of:

Roman Catholic—Judge and Janitor.

Methodist—Clerk.

Presbyterian—Chief Probation Officer.

Congregationalist—First Assistant Probation Officer.

II. As now constituted, May, 1912, the court consists of:

Roman Catholic—Judge; Hon. William H. DeLacy.

Roman Catholic—Clerk; S. Kemp Edmonston.

Roman Catholic—Deputy Clerk; George P. Barse.

Roman Catholic—Bailiff; John F. Cravin.

Roman Catholic—Chief Probation Officer; John Dillion.

Roman Catholic—First Assistant Probation Officer; Miss J. F. King.

Protestant—Second Assistant Probation Officer; J. W. Sanford.

Roman Catholic—Janitor; John Reidy.

(The Prosecuting Attorney and the Marshall who serve in the Juvenile Court are not included in the above list, because they are not appointed by said court, but are merely assigned or detailed to duty here, the former from the District Attorney's office, and the latter from the U. S. Marshall's office.)

* * * * * * *

The Lutherns in their resolutions seem to have overlooked the fact that the insignia of the Roman Catholic church hangs on the Juvenile Court wall over the head of Judge DeLacy—a thing as wrong in conducting a United States court as the garb of nuns and priests in conducting a United States school.

Thus is Romanism making inroads on Protestantism. It absorbs the courts as it destroys the schools of State. Immigration is at the bottom of it. Although the people urge Congress to limit it, Congress does not. Today, so well is the Roman Hierarchy intrenched in the United States that it controls Congress in its immigration legislation. Indeed, it is in partnership with the President of the United States and his Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor by virtue of which partnership, it is using the government machinery in its colonization of Roman Catholics for its political power. And it is colonizing them right amidst you of the South—the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant stronghold of the nation—to Latinize you with the scum of Southern Europe.

People of the South! Awaken! The Roman Catholic Hierarchy, dictating and directing from Rome, is using the United States government as its tool in colonizing Italians and others among you to strengthen itself in weak spots. After awhile you will awaken to find yourselves under their thumb.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy proposes to Romanize the negro race. Introduction of Latin colonies in the Southern States is part of their scheme. Italians of the lower order, ignorant of the social fabric, would employ negroes in their shops to work along side their wives and daughters. It is a common association wherever Italians settle among negroes. It is true of it wherever any Latin and negro elements are associated. Witness the state of social orders of Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, and the South and Central American countries. Romanism is at the bottom of it. It will not be different in Southern communities where the low Italian immigrant and the negro meet. Romanism would not prevent it. Witness Louisiana under the Latin regime. Romanism would hearken it for Hierarchical power. The negro problem would thereby be intensified. The whirl-wind of the Reconstruction would be as a zephyr alongside. The Anglo-Saxon Protestant civilization of the South is threatened by such contemplated invasion. Is it desired? The remedy is in setting the Southern face against it—sternly against Papal priest-led and directed immigration, United States government helped, or otherwise.

Slaves of the Shop

Stokely S. Fisher

Life's wing is fleet, they may die!
'Tis the one hope sweet
In their hearts. They yearningly sigh,
"Life's wing is fleet!"

And the obdurate stones of the street
Can not pity deny,—
Shriek, feeling the ache of their feet!

Oh the old face, the fevered eye!
And the children repeat,
For comfort, worn age's cry,
"Life's wing is fleet!"

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON. By Thos. E. Watson. The press of The Jeffersonians, Thomson, Ga.

In speaking of his new book, Mr. Watson said:

"There have been unavoidable delays in the publication of this book of mine.

"These I do not regret, for they have enabled me to secure much new material which was not in my possession when writing the serial.

"This new material will be used in the book and will add value an dinterest to it."

In "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," there is a great deal of American history not to be found in any other book.

Like the biography of Jefferson, it gives a wide view and a searching analysis of contemperous events.

The book is now on the press and will soon be ready for delivery.

A LIFE OF MR. GARLAND, OF ARKANSAS. By Farrar Newberry, A. M.

The present generation hears little of A. H. Garland; outside of his own State his name is almost forgotten. Yet, his career is a striking example of what can be done by pluck, energy and ability, in a system of Government like ours, where the poor of today may be the rich of tomorrow, and where the lowly of today, may tomorrow occupy the seats of the mighty.

As a lawyer Mr. Garland had won a high local reputation, prior to the Civil War. He was elected by the Secession Convention, to represent Arkansas at Montgomery, in what was called the Provisional Convention of May, 1861. He took a leading part in framing the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States. He was afterward in the Confederate army for a short while, but was soon elected to the Confederate Congress. In this body he continued to serve, until in 1864 he resigned to accept a seat in the Confederate Senate.

At the close of the war, he resumed the practice of law in Little Rock.

When, in 1865, Congress passed a law, prohibiting those who had aided the South, from practising in the U. S. Courts without taking the Iron-clad oath, Mr. Garland brought a test case against its validity, in the U. S. Supreme Court. He won his case and leaped into a national reputation.

After this, Mr. Garland was, in 1867, elected to the U. S. Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat.

In 1874 he was elected Governor, after a strong contest with the Carpet Bag incumbent, Baxter.

In 1877 he took his seat in the Senate of the U. S.. Here he was one of the most industrious workers. His greatest speech as Senator, is said to have been in support of the bill to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools. It was proposed to give $15,000,000 at once for the purpose, and to diminish this by one million every year for ten years, when it should cease.

In 1884, President Cleveland appointed Mr. Garland Attorney General of the U. S. This was the first time Arkansas had been represented in the Presidential Cabinet, and it was the first time a Southern man had been appointed since the War.

In 1881 he retired from the office of Attorney General, and practised law in Washington City, until his death ten years later.

It is said he was offered a place on the Supreme bench, and refused it, also a place on the inter-State Commerce Commission, which he likewise declined.

Mr. Garland was arguing a case in the Supreme Court, when, shortly after the noon hour he was stricken with appoplexy, and died within ten minutes.

It is said Mr. Garland never attended a social function in Washington City: he did not do so, even while a member of the Cabinet. He never wore a dress coat, and was in many other ways a quaint- old-fashioned figure, somewhat like Samuel Houston. He was strictly temperate in his

habits, was a pleasant companion, loved a quiet dinner with a friend, was fond of hunting and fishing, and was, in all respects an unpretentious, thoroughly honest and manly man. T. E. W.

CLASSICS OF THE BAR. By Alvin V. Sellers. Illustrated. Classic Publishing Co., Baxley, Ga.

As would naturally be inferred from the title, this is a selection of speeches made to juries by great lawyers in celebrated cases.

This is volume two, the author having published the first volume a year or so ago.

The contents are: The trial of Jesus, from a legal standpoint, by William J. Gaynro, an extremely interesting and instructive address.

Ben. Hardin's reply to Prentiss: this was in the famous Wilkinson case in which Sergeant S. Prentiss gained his great victory over the Kentucky lawyer.

Syster's plea for his client. This was in a case where the unwritten law was invoked. A brother having shot and killed the seducer of his sister.

The murder of Joseph White, Mr. Webster's speech in that case, one of the few cases where he appeared on the criminal side of the case.

Senator Vest's tribute to the dog. This was a speech made in the course of a damage suit for $200, brought by one neighbor against another for the killing of his dog. This is considered a gem of oratory, and we give it as we find it, in the book.

Gentlemen of The Jury: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and when death takes the master in its cold embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

The trial of George W. Cole. The opening speech of Mr. Hadley is given. Another case where the unwritten law was invoked. Gen. George W. Cole having ruined the simple, child-like wife of his bosom friend, L. H. Hiscock, a prominent lawyer of Syracuse, New York, the defendant was finally acquitted.

The case of Kilborn against Thomson, in which Senator Voorhees made one of his great speeches.

While these two volumes are especially suggestive and valuable to lawyers, the selections which compose them constitute literature of a high class, and should therefore be in demand among all those who love elevated thought and eloquent expression. T. E. W.

THE RECORDING ANGEL. By Corra Harris. Doubleday, Page & Co. New York, Publishers.

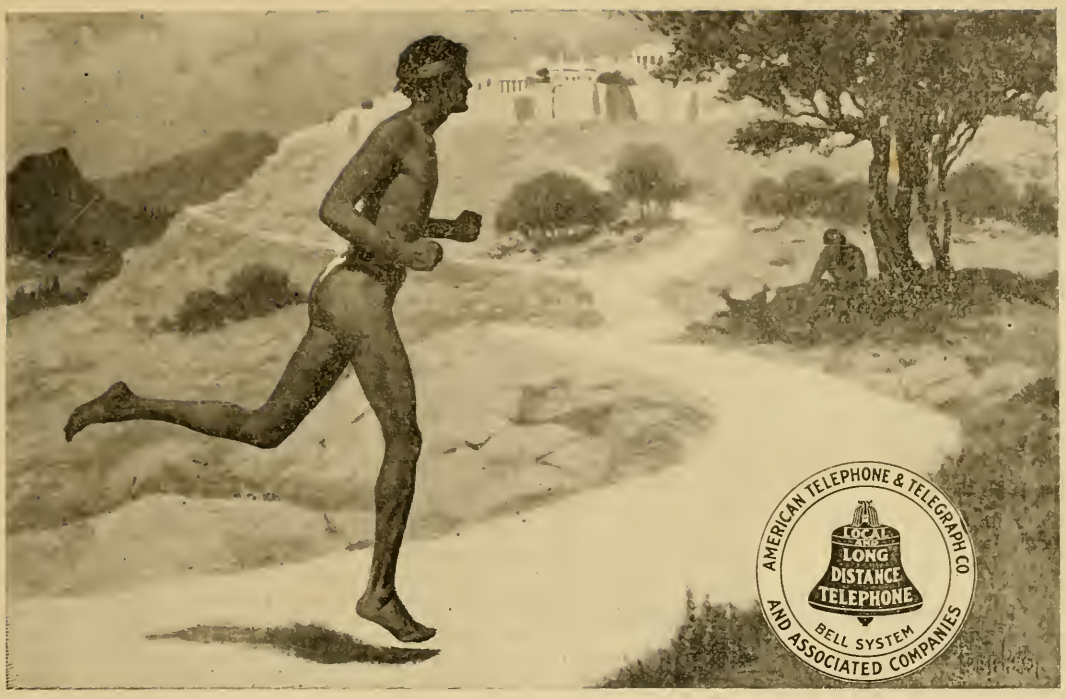
Nothing is more perplexing than the varying periods of life at which genius bursts into flower. Some are wonderfully precocious: some are as strangely "late in the season."

Some are written out, before mature manhood: others do their best work during the afternoon of life. To enumerate the instances would be tedious.

So far as I know, the world never heard of Mrs. Corra Harris until she had reached middle age. Then she awoke one morning and found herself famous, made so by "A Circuit Rider's Wife." Evidently, the book was to a large extent autobiographical; and it was so daring, dashing, original and quietly pathetic that it could not fail to fasten itself upon public attention.

After that, came "Eve's Second Husband," which was also a decided success.

"The Recording Angel" is a great, deep,



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beautiful work. It is the only novel that I have studied, in many years. The book is worth the earnest study of any serious man or woman.

The incidents are few: strictly speaking, there is no plot: there is slight evidence of the creative faculty: but the character drawing, the delineation of human types, the mastery of local color, the inimitable description of separate incidents, the satirical treatment of provincial customs, manners and daily life make the book fascinating.

Nevertheless, I hazzard the opinion that "The Recording Angel" is chiefly attractive and valuable because of its thoughts. Evidently, Mrs. Harris has reflected deeply upon the human comedy, has pondered earnestly upon the problems of life, has seen through its shams and its vanities, without having lost faith in humanity itself.

Her intellect is not shackled by reverence for anything under the sun. She is as fearless as she is brilliant. She is as varied, as she is original and strong. Her vocabulary runs the whole gamut, and her range of thinking well nigh boxes the compass.

There is not in "Georgia Scenes," nor "Innocents Abroad," a chapter more irresistably funny than that which tells of how the drunken Tony Adams was put to bed in the bridal chamber of the hotel, to sleep off his jag.

Nor is there in Bret Harte or Dickens a more beautifully pathetic passage than which tells of how Amy White greets her old sot of a husband when the sight is restored to her, after twenty years of cataract-blindness.

Thus the book goes from laughter to tears—the fountains of each playing much nearer together than is generally supposed.

If ever that type of woman whom we generally call "the old hens," came in for such lifelike and delightful portraiture as Mrs. Harris hits off in "The Recording Angel" I am not aware of it.

The old hen who constitutes herself a charity-broker; the old hen who leads men to the mourner's bench; the old hen who writes unearthly poetry, the old hen who accompanies the town male warbler on the organ, and sets the dog to howling; the old hen who gives exclusive sociables, and who institutes "fairs" for the church, the old hen who takes up the collection for our Bible worker in Japan—all this municipal poultry are in "The Recording Angel."

This book abounds in bold, brilliant, masculine thinking: you marvel at the author's wideness of view, her absolute and almost reckless courage; her complete emancipation from orthodoxy and convention.

We have space for only one passage from "The Recording Angel"—a passage which is typical of many others.

The trouble with Ruckersville was that about a generation before the present prodigal was born the saints had gotten the upper hand of the situation and had created a decimated public opinion which excluded all worldly amusements, golden ornaments, and many other things as natural for men and women to have as their hair and legs. The crop of sinners resulting from this arrangement was overwhelming. If you played cards, you were lost and might as well go the whole hog, gamble and have done with it. If you drank, you were also lost, and might as well get drunk for the same reason. If young, male or female (but more particularly the latter), and experiencing that pastoral frivolity of the leg muscles which can only be relieved by dancing, your feet took hold on hell. You showed the vidence of a fallen nature. Virtue had gone out of you. There was not a girl or a respectable woman in Ruckersville who had ever danced a minuet or waltzed with a man's arm about her waist. It appeared that there was something contagious about either the arm or the waist. The subject was so scandalous that no one ever explained which one had the contagion. This, of course, was not the case in the old Joseph Rucker julep days of romance and king's grant prosperity. But when your aristocrat becomes poor, and religious in his pride, he is one of the narrowest minded moral skinflints in crea-

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tion. This was why there were so many well-born, bony, unmarried, chaste, poor-spirited women in the town. It also explained in part why all the men drank, played cards for money, and went fox hunting in desperation. The poor creatures instinctively revolted against the lockstep of such inhuman respectability. Righteousness is a terrible thing when a conscientious fool enforces it. And if nine tenths of us did not backslide, the world would dwindle down to a few childless ascetics on each continent, and just the devil walking to and fro with all the natural instincts to tempt them back to life.

At the time of which I am writing there were but two persons in Ruckersville who had any inkling of this truth. One was Jim Bone, who was making a sort of a heathen effort at comprehension as he sat behind the congregation and divided his attention between the wonderful head of Sylvia Story, who sat in the choir singing like a Corinthian vestal virgin, and the general forlornness in the faces of the elder men and women who appeared to have been saved by some kind of devastating grace.

The other person who really understood was Tmy White, a blind pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, who sat in her gorgeously flowered calico dress with some of the older women in the amen corner, dreaming her dreams and thinking up broader salvation scriptures for her little Book of Life, into which Elbert copied them from time to time. Being blind and good, she could not see to divide the sheep from the goats. She had that sweet rain in her heart which falls alike upon the just and the unjust. She was forgiven by those who saw her lack of discrimination because of her limitations.

The preacher's eloquence had become fiery and concentrated since the appearance of Jim Bone in the congregation. He was a good man, who firmly believed that his Heavenly Father was a severe one. His religion was a sort of spiritual penitentiary of the soul, and nothing could exceed the ardour with which he sincerely laboured for the incarceration of other souls. As the prodigal sat night after night apparently unmoved, the mind of the whole congregation settled upon him. Amy felt the tension, but was unable to account for it.

One night in the midst of a poignant silence, following an invitation to sinners to come forward for prayers, she leaned over to Rahcel Martin, the Captain's wife, her brow sweetly puzzled with fine wrinkles, and whispered:

"Rachel, what is the matter? There must be a terrible sinner present."

It was as if she had said:

"Rachel, there must be a skunk in the house. I smell him!"

"There is!" whispered Mrs. Martin. "It's that Jim Bone, settin' yonder on the back bench as if he enjoyed damnation,

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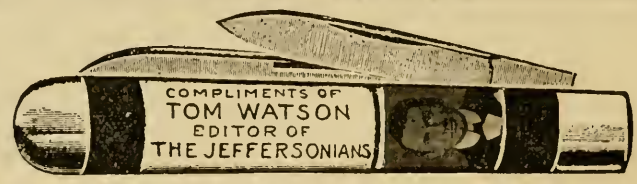
makin' of himself a stumblin'-block to this revival!"

"I remember him, years ago," returned Amy. "He wasn't a bad boy."

"No," snapped Mrs. Martin, "just bad enough to slit Tony Adams open in four places with his pocket knife the night before he left here. And from the looks of him he hasn't improved any out West, where he's been livin'."

She was righteously indignant. This is the severest from of indignation known to man, because it can be indulged to any extent conscieutiously. And in Ruckersville Rachel Martin was the very fountain of it. She was in religious circles what Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was everywhere else, the moving spirit. She was a stout woman, whose hats refused to become her. Her features were too drastic to harmonize with anything so feminine as a turban or a lady's bonnet. She loved the Captain with all her heart, talked about her neighbors scandalously, read a leaflet at every meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, and always prayed for "a closer walk with God." But she was not a hypocrite. She was only a spiritual ignoramus. She had the courage of her convictions, a dangerous form of valour in any kind of ignoramus. And she was no wabout to show it. She moved restlessly in her place beside Amy, like a setting hen ruffled and disturbed in her nest and that has a good mind to get up, get off of it, and go peck somebody. The awful absurdity of it was that she believed she was being "moved by the spirit." The silence became frightful. The preacher stood waiting. Everybody forgot that they also were sinners, and waited with him. If the prodigal on the back bench suspected that this was his affair, he did not show it in a single linea-



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ment of his face. His repose was profound. You might have said it was gentle. He really had been moved. He had been changed, but if it had been known how changed, the preacher at least might have fainted. It is astonishing what thoughts, what strange inspirations, will come to a man in church. Suddenly, as Jim sat there with the people before him, he had a sense of them, what they had suffered; the poverty and stringency of their loves touched him half humorously, half compassionately. He did not hear the exortation nor see the sad, beseeching, mourning faces turned in his direction. He was making up his mind to redeem the place and the people from the dullness and dreariness which stupefied them. He was enjoying the sensation of a humourist and a philanthropist at the same time.

Naturally, Mrs. Martin could not have known this. She arose from her place, fixed her eyes calmly, compellingly upon him, and advanced down the aisle. Nothing is more common still in many communities, especially in the South, than a "church worker" who will go about in the congregation during a revival personally exhorting particularly hardened or refractory sinners.

There was a stir in the congregation, a mere stir. No one turned his or her head any more than would look in on a boy who

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GET A BETTER PLACE

is about to be spanked by his mother. Every one expected a severe struggle between Rachel and the prodigal.

Mr. Bone remained serenely unconscious. He was absorbed in the sudden unfolding of his plans for the future. He did not even observe the approach of Mrs. Martin, and it had passed out of his memory what such a visitation might signify. So long a time had elapsed since he had been in a company where one man or woman considered himself better than any other. But Tony saw, and understood with the helpless alarm of a poor sheep whose transgressions have long since relegated him to the company of ill-smelling goats. Mrs. Martin paused halfway down the aisle to take out her glasses and put them on. Tony took advantage of this moment of inattention to slide gently, noiselessly down out of sight. He assumed a cramped but four-legged posture very gratifying to the dog, who accepted the advent as a personal compliment and immediately made room for him.

Rachel was surprised when she got her glasses on. She thought she had seen Tony back there, but she concluded that she must have been mistaken. She went in between the benches and sat down by the prodigal, who at once recalled his attention from the plans he was elaborating and fixed it along with his eyes upon Mrs. Martin. He remembered her as she looked when he was a youth. She had not changed. He recalled that in those days there was an undeclared enmity between them. The nature of it had to do with a certain June apple tree in the Rucker-Martin garden.

She sat down beside him, regarded him serenely over the top of her glasses, and began:

"Jim, I knew your mother. Her grandfather was my grandfather's second cousin. She's not here to do for you as a mother would, an' I'm goin' to take her place as near as I can."

It was as if she meant:

"I owe it to the family and cannot allow even a distant relative to de damned without making a conscientious effort to save him."

Mr. Bone understood, drew his members together, crossed his legs, furled his arms, nodded his head, and gave her a steady, disconcerting attention.

"You've been here a month now and this meetin's been goin' on and you here every night showin' no signs of repentance. You've come home to stay, I reckon, and we want you to lay aside your wildness, make up your mind to behave yourself, get up off of this bench and go up yonder to that altar and pray for forgiveness."

"Just as lief!" was the astonishing reply, as if he had not thought of it before He was not repentant, being of that class of men who grow the way they are going without the pruning of public prayers. And, like many another in a similar situation, he had no compunction about acting a lie, rather than undergo the hysteria of an argument about his soul. Such a man's soul is always his spiritual x y z which equals the unknown.

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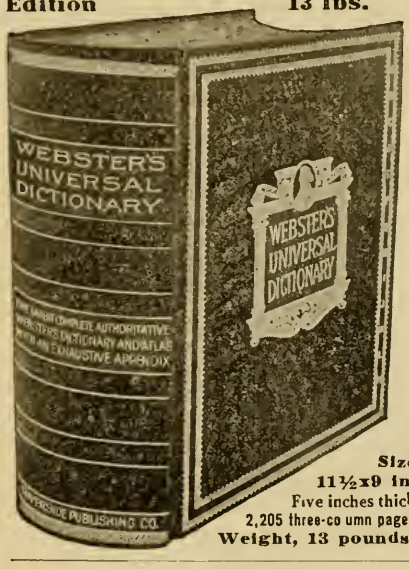

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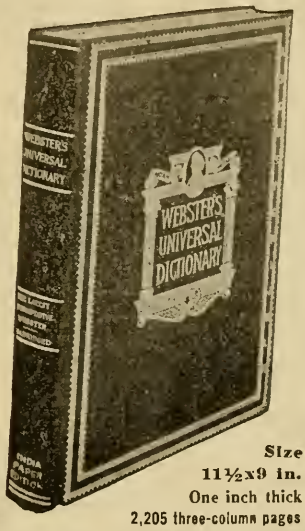

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